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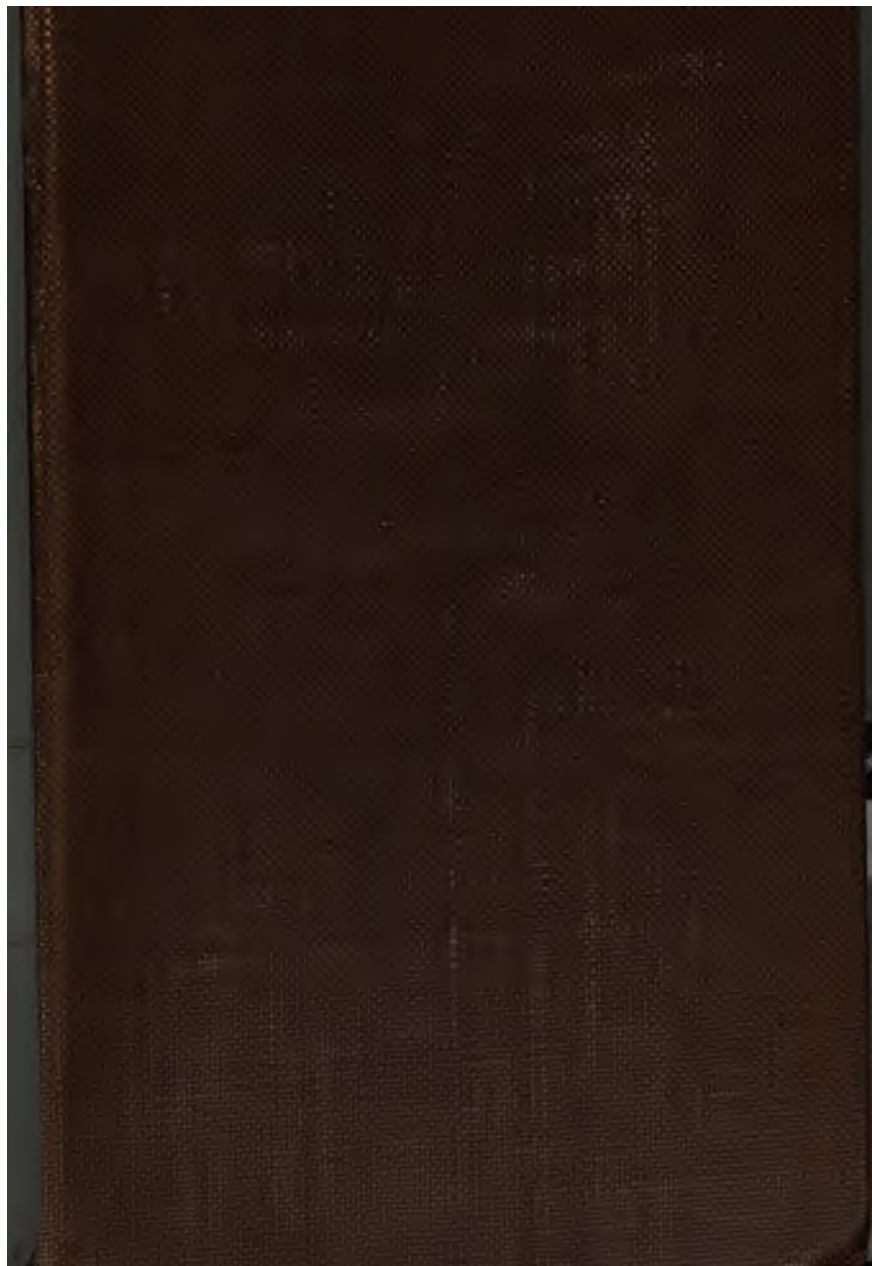
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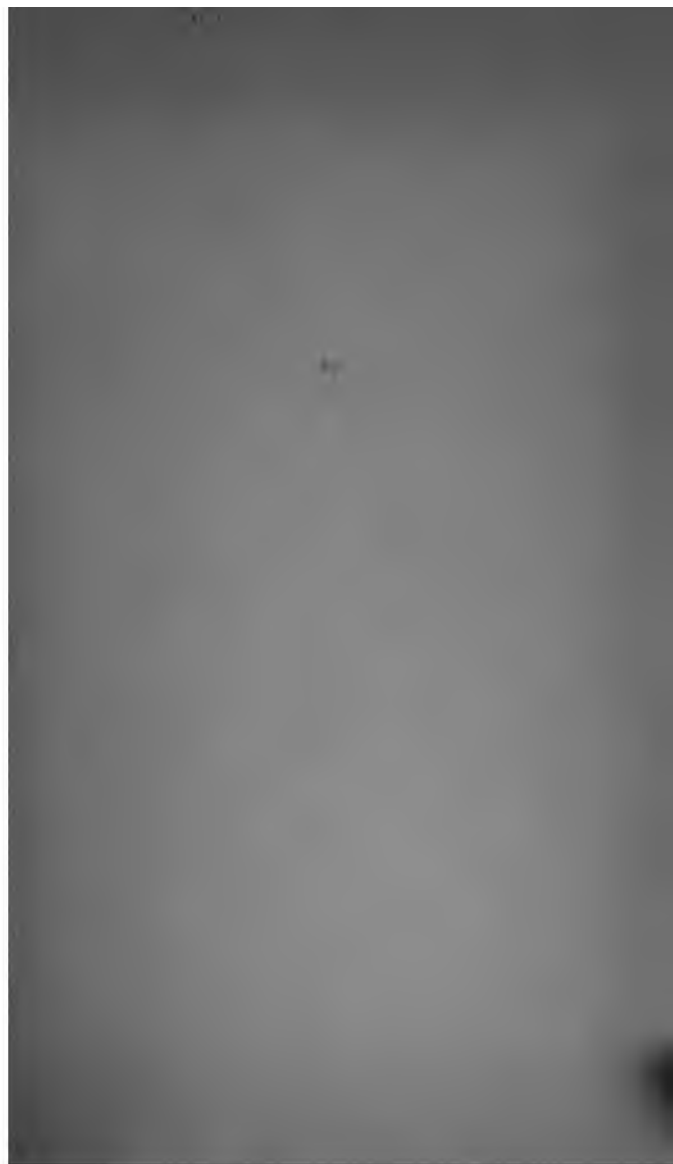
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Under a vote of the President and Fellows,
October 24, 1898.





SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT.

Gedrukt bij Gebr. Giunta d'Albaní.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT.
By
John Fletcher and Philip Massinger

HERDRUKT NAAR DE UITGAVE
VAN A. H. BULLEN, MET EEN INLEIDING
VAN R. FRUIN.



'S-GRAVENHAGE
MARTINUS NIJHOFF
1884.

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Pierce fund.

Het is op mijn aanraden dat de firma Nijhoff deze tragedie, die in den kostbaren bundel, waarin zij voor het eerst in het vorige jaar is uitgegeven, voor ons Nederlanders zoo goed als verholen staat, herdrukt heeft en afzonderlijk verkrijgbaar stelt. Zij verdiende mijns inziens wel dat zij terstond ter kennis van ons publiek werd gebracht. Hoe vaak hebben wij het Engelsche volk zijn historische tooneelstukken benijd en den wensch gekoesterd, dat een dichter uit de school van Shakespeare, zoo al niet de meester zelf, de stof voor een zijner drama's aan onze Geschiedenis had ontleend. Welnu, aan dien wensch was voldaan zonder dat wij het wisten. Er bestond een Engelsche tragedie, waarvan Oldenbarnevelt de held is; zij werd kort na zijn dood ten tooneele gevoerd maar niet gedrukt; in een eenig handschrift is zij tot op onzen tijd bewaard gebleven. Het handschrift werd in 1851 van den Earl of Denbigh voor het Britsch Museum gekocht, waar het niet lang geleden door den heer A. H. Bullen, een verdienstelijk beoefenaar van het oud-Engelsche tooneelspel, ontdekt werd. Hij achtte het stuk de eer waardig

om in het tweede deel zijner *Collection of Old English plays* (London, 1883, in 4^o) te worden opgenomen. Bij zijn verschijnen maakte het terstond opgang. De ingenomenheid, waarmede de uitgever het inleidde bij het publiek, werd gedeeld door kenners van Shakespeare als R. Boyle en F. G. Fleay. Het werd door hen en meer anderen begroet als een meesterstuk, als een der sieraden van het oud-Engelsche tooneel. De dichter en kunst-rechter Swinburne stemde met dien lof in; hij noemde het een edel gedicht, een schat die te lang verborgen had gelegen. Ook de Duitsche Shakespeare-vrienden erkenden, hoewel niet zoo onvoorwaardelijk, de hooge verdiensten van het stuk en verheugden zich in de uitgaaf. Onze vaderlandsche kenners bleven niet achter. De heer Opzoomer vertaalde het laatste bedrijf, als een proeve van het geheel, en droeg het in een vergadering der Koninklijke Akademie van Wetenschappen, met een aanprijzend woord tot inleiding, aan zijn medeleden voor. Mij dunkt dat de aandacht, door zoo veel bevoegde beoordeelaars aan deze tragedie verleend, een meer dan voldoende rechtvaardiging is van den herdruk, die wij hopen dat eerlang door een volledige vertaling moge worden gevolgd.

Zoo het mij, na zooveel beter bevoegden, vergund is ook mijn oordeel uit te spreken, zoo komt het mij voor, dat wat taal en uitdrukking betreft het gedicht den lof ten volle verdient, die er aan

wordt toegezwaaid, maar dat het, als tragedie, als drama beschouwd, niet onder de meesterstukken gerekend mag worden. De handeling is slecht gemotiveerd en de karakterteekening gebrekkig en zwak. Onze belangstelling in den hoofdpersoon wordt niet gespannen, ons medelijden met zijn lot nauwlijks opgewekt. Het verwondert mij dan ook niet, dat de edele taal en de echt tragische stijl niet in staat zijn geweest om het stuk, nadat het eens vertoond was geworden, voor volslagen vergetelheid te bewaren. Het Engelsche volk, in het bezit eener zoo rijke tooneelliteratuur, kon een stuk, dat noch door zijn onderwerp noch door de wijs, waarop het dit behandelde, zijn aandacht boeide, allicht uit het oog verliezen. De eigenschappen, die het voor onze tijdgenooten en voor ons Nederlanders inzonderheid belangwekkend en aantrekkelijk maken, lieten de Engelschen gedurende de twee vorige eeuwen onverschillig.

Wie mag de dichter ervan zijn? Het ligt in den aard der menschelijke natuur dat deze vraag, naar den maker, bij het zien van ieder kunststuk als van zelf terstond bij ons oprijst. De heer Bullen heeft dan ook niet verzuimd haar te stellen en een poging te wagen om haar te beantwoorden. Hij erkent, in zijn inleiding, aanvankelijk aan geen beroemder auteur dan aan Chapman gedacht te hebben, maar bij nader inzien en nauwkeuriger proeven overtuigd te zijn geworden, dat geen Chap-

man zulke voortreffelijke verzen kon dichten en dat een man als Fletcher vereischt werd om ze voor te brengen. Maar hoe zeker hij op vele plaatsen Fletcher's meesterhand meende te erkennen, er waren andere waar hij twijfelde en een andere hand, doch insgelijks van een eersten meester, vermoedde. Zijn vriend Fleay hielp hem toen te recht en noemde Massinger, als den dichter dier aan Fletcher te ontzeggen verzen. Nu aarzelde hij niet langer: Massinger en Fletcher, die wel meer te zamen hadden gewerkt, waren gezamenlijk de auteurs ook van dit meesterstuk. Eens daarvan verzekerd viel het niet moeilijk aan te wijzen welke gedeelten aan den eenen, welke aan den anderen van beiden waren toe te kennen; in zijn inleiding levert de heer Bullen van deze schifting eenige proeven, waarover ik mij geen oordeel mag aanmatigen.

Hij heeft mij echter niet overtuigd; een stellige uitspraak komt mij in dezen nog ontijdig en niet genoegzaam gewaarborgd voor. Het deed mij uit dien hoofde genoeg dat ook een kenner als Swinburne openlijk verklaarde nog niet overtuigd te zijn, zelfs niet eens overtuigd dat twee verschillende handen aan het stuk hebben gearbeid. Door zijn gezag gesteund zullen wij wel doen met de stelling van Bullen en zijn vrienden voorloopig voor niet meer dan een gissing aan te merken, en het stuk toe te kennen aan zekeren Unknown, in afwachting of later misschien de eene of andere

ontdekking ons in staat zal stellen om het vaderschap aan hem, die er recht op heeft, met zekerheid toe te wijzen.

Reeds heeft een gelukkige vondst ons omtrent den tijd, waarop de tragedie het licht heeft gezien, tot stellige en volledige kennis gebracht. Bullen had gewezen op een kanteekening van het Handschrift, geteekend G. B. en blijkbaar, ook blijkens het schrift, van de hand van Sir George Buc, die van 1610 tot Mei van 1622 *Master of the Revels* was en als zoodanig alle stukken, voor vertooning bestemd, te zien en te keuren kreeg. Daaruit volgde dat het stuk tusschen Mei 1619, toen de ontkenning op het Binnenhof van Den Haag plaats greep, en Mei 1622 geschreven moest zijn. Nog altijd een speelruimte van volle drie jaren. Maar sedert Bullen zijn inleiding schreef is deze ruimte aanmerkelijk ingekort, ten gevolge van het ontdekken van twee ongedrukte brieven aan den toenmaligen ambassadeur van Engeland in Den Haag, Sir Dudley Carleton, geschreven door Thomas Locke, den eersten van 14 Augustus 1619, en daarin dit bericht: „The Players here were bringing of Barnavelt upon the stage and had bestowed a great deal of money to prepare all things for the purpose, but at th' instant were prohibited by my Lo: of London”; den anderen van 27 Augustus, waarin het volgende: „Our Players have found the means to goe through with the play of

Barnavelt and it hath had many spectators and received applause ¹." Zoo zien wij den tijd, waarin het stuk geschreven kan zijn, van drie jaren slinken tot op drie maanden. En het draagt in zich zelf een kenmerk, dat ons recht geeft om de grenzen nog dichter bij elkander te brengen. Op twee plaatsen wordt gesproken van het afzetten van den zoon van Barnevelt, den gouverneur van Bergen op Zoom, hetgeen in Engeland niet voor half Juli bekend geworden kan zijn. Immers Carleton schrijft erover in zijn (gedrukte) *dépêche* van 14 Juli en zegt dat de afzetting in de vorige week is geschied, hetgeen overeenkomt met de Resolutiën der Staten-Generaal van 5, 9, 11 en 17 Juli 1619. Wij kunnen dus besluiten dat het treurspel, hoe vol schoonheden het zijn mag, den auteur niet meer dan een maand arbeids heeft gekost. Dit schijnt ook zoo ongeveer de tijd geweest te zijn, die voor het schrijven van een tooneelstuk in die dagen noodig, maar dan ook voldoende, werd gerekend. Althans in het voorspel van Beaumont en Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, als *the citizen* geen smaak zegt te hebben in het stuk dat is aangekondigd, krijgt hij ten antwoord, „Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.”

Wij hebben van Locke, in de aangehaalde brie-

¹ Athenaeum, 1884, p. 89.

ven aan Carleton, vernomen, dat de Bisschop van Londen het vertoonen der tragedie in het eerst had tegengehouden. Om welke reden? Dat weten wij niet. De dichter stelde Oldenbarnevelt en de Arminianen in het ongelijk: of nu John King, want deze was toen ter tijd de Bisschop van Londen, tot de Arminiaansche leer overhelde, gelijk velen zijner mede-bisschoppen van de Anglikaansche Kerk, kan ik niet zeggen. Na zijn dood werd uitgestrooid dat hij op zijn sterfbed tot het Katholicisme was bekeerd: dit gerucht schijnt inderdaad zijn rechtzinnigheid in twijfel te trekken. Maar aan den anderen kant stond hij hoog aangeschreven bij Koning Jacobus, die hem gaarne hoorde preeken en, met toespeling op zijn naam, *the King of Preachers* placht te noemen. Ook vervulde hij in 1611 een hoofdrol bij het veroordeelen van den armen Bartholomew Legate, die alleen om zijn kettersche gevoelens aangaande de persoon van Jezus, en niettegenstaande zijn onbesproken levenswandel, ten vure gedoemd en op Smithfield verbrand werd. Het kan ook zijn dat geen reden van kerkelijken aard den Bisschop in dit geval bewoog, en dat zijn kieschheid het slechts laakte dat nog levende staatslieden, met Prins Maurits aan het hoofd, op het tooneel gebracht werden. Hoe dit zij, zijn tegenstand was niet onverzettelijk, en het stuk werd, gelijk wij vernamen, vertoond voor een talrijk gehoor, dat het toejuichte.

Het behoeft nauwlijks gezegd dat voor de geschiedenis van Oldenbarnevelt en zijn val deze Engelsche tragedie niets te leeren geeft. Uit een historisch gezichtspunt is zij slechts in zoo verre merkwaardig, als wij eruit zien, hoe men in Engeland onze partijschappen en burgertwisten beschouwde. Want ongetwijfeld vertoont het tooneelstuk in scherper lijnen en vaster omtrekken de voorstelling, die in Engeland bij het volk in omloop was: dit blijkt ten overvloede uit de vergelijking met gelijktijdige pamfletten, waarvan de dichter enkele gelezen en gebruikt schijnt te hebben.

Volgens deze in Engeland gangbare voorstelling was Oldenbarnevelt een man van zeldzame bekwaamheid, die zijn land onschatbare diensten bewezen en het tot welvaart en aanzien verheven had, maar niet zoozeer uit zuivere vaderlandsliefde als uit eerezucht en heerschezucht. Het was hem gelukt, onder den nederigen naam van dienaar, inderdaad de macht van een vorst in de Republiek te verwerven en gedurende geruimen tijd te behouden. Allengs evenwel begon zijn glorie te tanen voor den opkomenden roem van den jeugdiger Maurits van Oranje, die den lande even groote, zoo niet nog grootere, diensten dan hij bewees, en dit zonder zelfzucht deed, uit enkel edele bedoelingen. Meer en meer stelde het volk den sluwen staatsdienaar achter bij den vromen krijgsheld. De tra-

gedie vangt aan op het oogenblik als Oldenbarnevelt zich dit onmogelijk langer kan ontveinzen en van zijn vertrouwelingen moet hooren, dat in de oogen en in de schatting en liefde des volks Maurits alles en hij niet veel meer dan niets is geworden. Dit brengt hem buiten zich zelf, en liever dan er in te berusten wil hij den ondersten steen boven keeren en zelf te niet doen al wat hij ten dienste van den Staat heeft gesticht. Hij maakt daarop gemeene zaak met de Arminianen, een secte die de kerk beroert en wier leerstellingen door alle kundige theologen worden veroordeeld, en hij stookt ze op om nieuwe soldaten, de zoogenaamde waartgelders, in dienst te nemen, waarmee hij en zij, zoo noodig, het krijgsvolk van de Republiek, waarover Maurits bevel voert, kunnen weerstaan. En had hij het hierbij slechts gelaten! Voorziende dat hij met deze middelen waarschijnlijk de overhand niet zal kunnen nemen, denkt hij eraan om bij vreemde mogendheden, ja bij 'slands vijand zelfs, bij Spanje, heul en steun te zoeken. Dit laatste is natuurlijk een geheim, slechts aan enkelen, aan Ledenberg en Moersbergen onder anderen, toevertrouwd. Zoo gesterkt waagt hij het Maurits openlijk te beleedigen en hem den toegang tot den Staatsraad te betwisten, hoewel de Prins zoo goed als hij, niettegenstaande zij beiden slechts dienaars heeten, er zitting pleegt te hebben. Het gelukt hem werkelijk van de meerderheid der Heeren van den Raad de

toestemming tot dezen zoo krenkenden maatregel tegen den Prins te verwerven. Als Maurits zich aanmeldt om deel te nemen aan de beraadslaging over den eed, dien hij en zijn krijgsvolk voortaan zullen hebben af te leggen, ziet hij zich door de deurwaarders buitengesloten. Met moeite bedwingt de edelaardige vorst de verontwaardiging van zijn gevolg; hij blijft wachten totdat de Raad uiteen gaat; dan beklaat hij zich bescheiden maar ernstig bij de Heeren en staat den zegepralenden en overmoedigen Advokaat zoo treffend te woord, dat de invloedrijkste leden van den Raad van partij veranderen en hem zelfs, ook namens de meerderheid, machtigen om overal en inzonderheid te Utrecht de waartgelders af te danken. — Het tweede bedrijf speelt te Utrecht en vertoont hoe Maurits er zich van den hem opgedragen last kwijt, trouw bijgestaan door het garnisoen, dat geheel of grootendeels uit Engelschen bestaande, volstandig het oor sluit voor de lokstem der Arminiaansche factie. Bij deze gelegenheid komt het verschil tusschen het Engelsche en het Hollandsche volkskarakter treffend aan het licht. Onder de Republiek bestaat geen eerbied voor het gezag, zoo min in het huisgezin als in den staat; de minderen spelen den baas over de meerderen en de vrouwen over haar echtgenooten. Aan een Engelsche dame, denkelijk de gemalin van een der hoofdofficieren, is het gegeven, door woord en voorbeeld de leer van

het gezag te handhaven tegen de Utrechtsche burgerjuffrouwen, die, gestijfd door een Armeniaanschen predikant, niets onbeproefd laten om haar tot de Hollandsche losbandigheid over te halen. Ten slotte blijkt, dat het den Republikeinen evenzeer aan vastberadenheid en moed als aan eerbied voor het gezag ontbreekt. Maurits behaalt zonder moeite een volkomen overwinning, ontwapent de waartgelders en neemt Ledenberg in hechtenis mede naar Den Haag. Vooral dit laatste is voor Oldenbarnevelt een onherstelbare slag. Hij heeft zijn booze geheimen aan Ledenberg toevertrouwd, en loopt groot gevaar dat deze ze verraden zal. Wel is Moersbergen nog bijtijds ontvlucht naar het Munstersche, maar wat baat dit, als Ledenberg door pijniging of vrees voor pijniging tot bekentenis wordt gebracht? — In het derde bedrijf toont de groote man zich in al zijn kleinmoedigheid, eerst als hij door de Heeren van den Raad met koelheid en onverholen achterdocht wordt ontvangen, en later als hij verneemt dat Ledenberg werkelijk heeft geklapt. Dan is hij een oogenblik als radeloos en weet niet hoe zich te redden, maar weldra vermant hij zich en bedenkt dat die bekentenis op zich zelf, en door geen bewijzen gestaafd, weinig of niets beteekent. Het komt er maar op aan den zwakken vriend uit den weg te ruimen, voordat hij zulke bewijzen bijbrengt. Met dit doel vraagt en verkrijgt hij toegang tot den gevangene, die over zijn laf-

hartig klappen reeds schaamte en berouw gevoelt, overlaadt hem met verwijten, drijft hem tot wanhoop en spiegelt hem ten slotte den zelfmoord voor als de eenige uitkomst uit de schande en het gevaar van nog erger. Die booze raad, door zelfzucht ingegeven, treft doel. Nadat de verleider is heengegaan, brengt Ledenberg in het bijzijn van zijn slapend zoontje zich om. Op het bericht hiervan schept de kleinmoedige Advokaat weer moed, ja herneemt zijn ouden overmoed en tart zijn vijanden om hem thans van schuld te overtuigen. Maar zijn waan is van korten duur. Juist de zelfmoord van Ledenberg levert aan Maurits en den Raad het bewijs, dat de schuld, wier besef tot een zoo wanhopige daad heeft gedreven, zwaarder moet zijn geweest, dan zij hadden vermoed, en dat het daarom onvermijdelijk is het onderzoek naar de schuld der medeplichtigen en inzonderheid van hun aller hoofd voort te zetten. Er wordt bevel gegeven om Moersbergen uit zijn Duitsche wijkplaats op te lichten en naar Den Haag te voeren. — Dit geschiedt in den aanvang van het vierde bedrijf; en hiermee is eigenlijk Oldenbarnevelt's lot beslist. Hij wordt gevangen genomen, tegenover Moersbergen gesteld en verhoord. Zijn eenige verdediging bestaat in te loochenen wat tegen hem wordt ingebracht en te pochen op zijn onvergelykelijke verdiensten jegens de Republiek. Dat kan hem natuurlijk niet baten. Slechts de edelmoedigheid en

de gematigdheid van Maurits beletten dat hij terstond veroordeeld wordt. En dit laatste schild ontvalt hem spoedig ook, als zijn talrijke aanhang zich niet ontziet de overwinnaars te trotseeren en den meiboom te planten voor zijn huis. Ook wordt een briefje van een der zijnen, aan hem gericht en in een peer verstoken, onderschept, hetwelk inhoudt dat hij nog vrienden in menigte heeft en niet moet wanhopen. Dit overtuigt nu ook Maurits dat men niet langer mag dralen. — Het vijfde bedrijf, dat met de ontdekking van het noodlottige briefje aanvangt, vertoont verder de terechtstelling van den grooten doch misdadigen staatsman. Hij speelt de laatste rol, die hij op deze wereld te spelen heeft, voortreffelijk, gelijk van hem te wachten was. Alleen hij is wat al te breedsprakig en al te uitbundig in zijn eigen lof. Maar overigens is zijn taal die van een vurig patriot en vergevensgezind christen. Eens vergeet hij zich voor een oogenblik, en geeft op verwijten die hem worden gedaan ten antwoord, dat hij zich waarlijk ééne fout bewust is, die namelijk, dat hij een zoo ondankbaar volk heeft gered. Doch dezen uitval uitgezonderd, zijn het enkel goede wenschen voor den voorspoed van het land en voor den luister van Maurits, die van zijn lippen vloeien. Ten einde toe blijft hij zich volkomen meester. Op het onverwacht aanschouwen van de doodkist, waarin het treurig overschot van Ledenberg aan de galg is opgehangen, ontroert hij en

met reden, want hij draagt de schuld van dien zelfmoord op het geweten. Zijn ontstekenis omgaat ook den omstanders niet. Maar in een oogwenk heeft hij zich bedwongen en zegt: „God zij zijne ziele genadig, ik durf hem aanzien”, en vaart dan uit in verwijten tegen zijn vijanden, die hem door zulk een schouwspel aftrekken van de gedachten, waarmee hij zich uitsluitend behoorde bezig te houden. Hij spreekt nog altijd voort, als de zwaardslag valt, die het hoofd en de vingers van den romp scheidt. Over den doode spreken twee der Raadsheeren nog een kernachtig woord van hulde en blaam tevens, en eindigen hiermee waardiglijk het schouwspel.

Zulk een verwerking der stof, door de Historie gegeven, getuigt, naar het mij voorkomt, van een in zijn vak ervaren en bekwamen tooneeldichter. Wat in het spel niet te pas kwam is weggelaten, b. v. de naijver tusschen de provinciën en de quaestie over het al of niet houden eener nationale synode; wat gebruikt kon worden is zoo geschikt dat alle deelen meewerken om een welsluitend geheel te vormen. Er is gang in het stuk, elk tooneel brengt de handeling verder naar de ontknooping. Daarentegen schijnt mij de handeling slecht gemotiveerd en om die reden de geheele geschiedenis onwaarschijnlijk, ik mag wel zeggen onmogelijk geworden. Oldenbarnevelt heeft in het stuk geen

aanleiding om zich te gedragen gelijk hij doet. Hij vernoot dat zijn populariteit verminderd is, dat men algemeen Maurits boven hem stelt. Dat zal hem nu bewegen, als wij onzen dichter willen gelooven, om alles op het spel te zetten, het heil van het land, waarvoor hij zijn leven lang gezwoegd heeft, en zijn eigen grootheid in den staat. Zijn roekeloosheid ware nog te begrijpen indien het zijn macht, in plaats van zijn roem, gold, indien hij gevaar liep van door den Prins op zij geschoven te worden. Maar in de tragedie bestaat daarvoor geen vrees: de Prins is met zijn plaats in de Republiek tevreden en vrij van zelfzucht. De Advokaat kan blijven die hij is, zoo hij aan Maurits slechts den ijdel roem en de liefde van het volk gunt. Nu hij dit echter niet van zich verkrijgen kan, zijn de middelen, die hij aangrijpt, al zeer vreemd gekozen en moeten noodzakelijk hun doel missen. Hij spant samen met de Arminianen, die bij de meerderheid des volks in minachting zijn, en hij stookt ze op om krijgsvolk aan te nemen, dat kwalijk dienst kan doen bij het herwinnen der populariteit. Is dus zijn handelwijs volstrekt onbegrijpelijk, in nog hooger mate is het die van de Heeren van den Raad. Dézen trekken partij voor Oldenbarnevelt, als hun vergadering begint, en sluiten Maurits van hun beraadslaging uit. En aan het eind van diezelfde vergadering machtigen zij den Prins, om overal de waartgelders te ontwapenen, —

modellen gevolgd. Zij herinneren ons aan menige schoone plaats uit de stukken van Shakespeare en van zijn tijdgenooten, even als wij soms bij het hooren eener compositie van den tweeden rang herinnerd worden aan motieven uit onvergetelijke meesterstukken. Zoo b. v. het tooneel tusschen Ledenberg en zijn zoontje, dat aan het plegen van den zelfmoord voorafgaat — een der schoonste, naar mijn smaak, van de geheele tragedie, maar volstrekt niet oorspronkelijk. Andere tooneelen zijn eenvoudig theatraal in den ongunstigen zin van het woord. Dat een burleske scène, in den trant, om iets te noemen, van de *Torick's scull*-scène uit den Hamlet, niet mocht ontbreken, is duidelijk. De *Ars poetica* van den tijd vorderde in elk treurspel iets van dien aard. Onze auteur laat dan ook aan de terechtstelling een ontmoeting van de drie beulen voorafgaan, die daarmee eindigt dat zij dobbelen, wie het buitenkansje hebben zal van een zoo voornamen patient te bedienen. Het is een eigenaardigheid van den Engelschen smaak, die in dit opzicht nog niet veranderd is, dus het komieke aan het tragische te paren; geen der volken van het vasteland, ook niet het onze, heeft in die samenvoeging van het tegenstrijdige het rechte behagen leeren scheppen. In plaats van onze aandacht te ontspannen en voor nieuwe indrukken van het ernstige vatbaar te maken, stoort het bizarre tusschenspel vaak onze gewenschte stemming en wekt onzen

weerzien. Zoo gaat het ons, althans zoo gaat het mij, ook hier. Wij hebben zoo even Oldenbarnevelt zijn vonnis zien ontvangen; wij verwachten hem thans met aandoening op het schavot. Maar in plaats van zijn tragische figuur, verschijnen de beulen, met de ruwe scherts op het gelaat, zij spotten met hetgeen aanstaande is, zij snoeven op hun kunstvaardigheid en twisten om het voorrecht en het voordeel, dat van rechtswege aan den handigsten zou toekomen, maar dat zij ten slotte, twistens moe, door het lot aan een hunner laten toewijzen. Is er voor ons gevoel iets pijnlijkers te bedenken dan zulk een inleiding tot het laatste bedrijf uit het leven van den grooten staatsman? Ik ontken niet dat het menschelijke leven uit diergelijke tegenstrijdigheden bestaat, en twijfel niet of bij de tragedie op het Binnenhof zijn snakerijen te zien en te hooren geweest, niet minder aanstootelijk dan die de dichter op het tooneel vertoont. Een ooggetuige spreekt ons van iets dat hij heeft bijgewoond, en dat de akeligheid der verdichting nog overtreft. Hij was toevallig op het Binnenhof, terwijl het schavot er werd opgetimmerd en het noodige voor de terechtstelling gereed gemaakt; hij zag de doodkist staan, uit ongeschaafde planken vervaardigd; „en op deze vuile kist, zegt hij, heb ik gezien dat twee vileine soldaten zaten en speelden, wie de ziel van Barnevelt hebben zou, God of de duivel; ik hoorde ook vele vileine spot-

te zijn. Gezwollen zonder opgeblazenheid, schilderachtig, beeldrijk zonder overlading, juist uitdrukkend wat bedoeld wordt en tevens welluidend om te hooren — al deze eigenschappen bezit de tragedie van Oldenbarnevelt in hooge mate. Wij behoeven voor een proeve niet verder te gaan dan het eerste tooneel van het eerste bedrijf: de samenspraak tusschen den Advokaat en Moersbergen is voldoende om den auteur als redenaar van den eersten rang te doen kennen. En wat dit eerste tooneel belooft vervult het geheele stuk tot het einde toe. Daarmtrent stemmen alle kunsttrechters overeen. Het te betoogen zou gelijk staan met het betoog dat de zon schittert. Er zijn gedeelten die (ten opzichte der dictie altijd) aan het schoonste van Massinger en zijn tijdgenooten herinneren.

Ongelukkig is de tekst, dien de heer Bullen heeft gedrukt, niet de volledige dien de dichter had geschreven, maar een verminkte, ten behoeve der vertooning hier en daar gewijzigd en vooral verkort. Het is te betreuren, dat de uitgever zich niet beijverd heeft om den oorspronkelijken tekst, die, naar hij zelf verzekert, op verreweg de meeste plaatsen door het uitschrappen niet geheel onleesbaar is geworden, te herstellen. Wat voor de vertooning te uitvoerig mag hebben geschenen, zou zeker niet te langdradig zijn voor de lezing en de voordracht. Vooral ware het wenschelijk geweest de personen, wier

rollen door de tooneel-directie weggelaten of aan anderen toegevoegd zijn geworden, hier de plaats weer in te ruimen, die hun naar het plan van den dichter toekomt. Het stuk zou er ook in waarschijnlijkheid bij gewonnen hebben. Om een voorbeeld te noemen: een van de voornaamste verwijten tegen den Advokaat houdt in, dat hij met de Arminianen is gaan heulen. Inderdaad heeft de dichter hem dit laten doen in het tweede tooneel van het eerste bedrijf. Oldenbarnevelt, van zijn voornaamste aanhangers vergezeld, komt daar samen met de hoofden der Arminiaansche factie, voorgesteld door Uytenbogaert en Taurinus (als schrijver van *de Weegschaal* inzonderheid bij de Engelschen bekend en verfoeid) en verklaart tot hun leer en partij toe te treden. Dit is een daad van gewicht, die in den samenhang van het stuk onmogelijk kan worden gemist, maar die veel van haar beteekenis heeft verloren, nu de regisseur de rollen van Uytenbogaert en Taurinus heeft laten vervallen en het weinige, dat zij te zeggen hadden, aan Hoogerbeets en Grotius in den mond heeft gelegd. Hierdoor verliest het tooneel zijn karakter van samenspanning tusschen wereldlijken en kerkelijken, dus juist dat waarop het aankomt. De heer Bullen heeft het gewicht dezer verminking niet begrepen, zooals blijkt uit zijn misverstand van de tooneel-aanwijzing *Exeunt*, waarbij hij aantee kent: „All the characters remain on the stage in spite of this di-

rection." Ja, dat is zoo in het stuk gelijk het veranderd werd, maar oorspronkelijk gingen de Arminiaansche geestelijken op dit punt wel degelijk van het tooneel. Door deze verandering in den tekst wordt ook een latere plaats, die is blijven staan, onbegrijpelijk, waar tegen Oldenbarnevelt de bekentenis van Taurinus wordt aangehaald (5^e toon. van het iv^e bedr.). Andere weglatingen en veranderingen zijn van minder belang. Zij dienen of eenvoudig om te bekorten of om toespelingen te vermijden op personen en zaken, die het ongepast scheen op het tooneel te brengen. Daarin was de auteur reeds zeer omzichtig geweest. De Engelsche heeren had hij buiten spel gelaten of althans niet bij name genoemd. Sir Dudley Carleton, die namens zijn Koning zich diep in onze kerk- en burgerstwisten had gestoken, treedt in het stuk niet op. Sir John Ogle, de commandant van het garnisoen te Utrecht, wordt niet genoemd; hij komt slechts voor als een der *captains*. Ja zelfs als er van vroeger tijden wordt gewaagd en op Leicester gedoeld, heet deze niet anders dan „one that then ruled all." Koningin Elisabeth wordt geprezen als wijlen de doorluchtige beschermvrouw der Republiek, maar de Majesteit van haar opvolger schittert alleen door zijn afwezigheid van het tooneel.

Jegens de Nederlandsche heeren was zoo angstvallige kieschheid niet noodig en ook niet mogelijk. Zij worden genoemd, voor zooveel de auteur ze kent.

Doch zijn kennis van onzen staat en zijn regeerders is zeer gebrekkig. Van de verhouding tusschen Raad van State en Staten-Generaal heeft hij geen begrip; hij verbeeldt zich aan het hoofd van de Republiek een regeeringsraad, die wetgevende en uitvoerende macht in zich vereenigt, en waarvan hij als voornaamste leden laat optreden Brederode en Vandort. De keus van deze twee is al zeer zonderling. Brederode was ten minste een man van eenigen invloed, hoewel niet voor de regeeringsverandering van het najaar van 1618, die hem eerst op het kussen hielp. Maar Vandort was een onbeduidend persoon, afgevaardigde wegens Gelderland in de Staten-Generaal. Ik kon aanvankelijk zelfs niet gissen, hoe de auteur aan den naam van een zoo weinig in het oog vallend persoon gekomen was. Later heb ik het begrepen. Hij had in den gedrukten brief der Fransche Ambassadeurs aan de Staten-Generaal, van 13 Mei 1619, gelezen, dat dezen met hun verzoek om gehoor zich gewend hadden tot de Heeren van Gelderland, dewijl die provincie toen voorzat in de Generaliteit; bij deze gelegenheid worden dan die Geldersche Heeren genoemd: Van Brakel en Van Dort. Voor het Engelsche vers luidde de tweede naam beter dan de eerste, en dit schijnt de keus te hebben bepaald. — Nog verrassender is de wijs, waarop de dichter te werk is gegaan met het kiezen van een naam voor een Arminiaanschen predikant te Utrecht. Onder de

bronnen, waaruit hij zijn kennis van onze burger-
 twisten putte, behoort de Engelsche overzetting
 der Latijnsche vertaling van Oldenbarnevelt's Apo-
 logie, met aantekeningen van den gereformeerden
 predikant van Frankfort, Petrus Holderus: aantee-
 keningen zoo boosaardig jegens den Advokaat, zoo
 lasterlijk en afschuwelijk, als er in die dagen mis-
 schien niets anders is uitgebraakt, en dat is veel
 gezegd. Welnu, onder den naam van dien Calvi-
 nistischen ijveraar heeft onze auteur, bij gebrek aan
 beter, zoo niet misschien uit ironie, een oproerigen
 Arminiaanschen geestelijke laten optreden. — Waarom
 hij den belhamel der Utrechtsche burgers *Rock-
 Giles* noemt, weet ik niet te verklaren. *Giles*,
Gilles, is bekend genoeg, maar het voorvoegsel
Rock is mij overigens onbekend, of althans het
 staat mij niet voor het elders aangetroffen te hebben.
 Dat *Moersbergen* *Modesbergen* heet en *Van der
 Mylen Vandermitten*, zal wel te wijten zijn aan
 drukfouten in de Engelsche pamfletten, die onze
 auteur heeft gebruikt. De heer *Bullen* noemt er eenige,
 die echter in onze Nederlandsche Bibliotheken
 niet voorhanden zijn en die ik ook nooit gezien
 heb. Buiten deze vermoed ik dat de dichter ook
 nog te rade is gegaan met Engelsche kooplieden
 en soldaten, die tijdens de gebeurtenissen of kort
 te voren in Holland hadden verkeerd. Hij gebruikt
 Hollandsche woorden, die eenige bekendheid met
 de volkstaal verraden: *schellain*, d. i. schelm; *the*

bric, d. i. de brui; *lustique*, d. i. lustig; *krentis*, kermis, *doyt*, duit, *vraa*, vrouw, en een paar andere meer. Ook toont hij niet onbekend te zijn met onze maatschappelijke toestanden; ik had reeds aanleiding om te spreken van de hooge plaats, die hij in het Hollandsche gezin aan de vrouw toekent, — iets waar een halve eeuw te voren Guicciardini ook reeds van gewaagd had. Eveneens beschrijft hij uitvoerig en naar waarheid de ongewone verhouding, waarin hier te lande de soldaten tot de burgers en de officieren tot de regenten stonden. Het is niet waarschijnlijk dat hij deze bijzonderheden uit boeken had geleerd.

Ten slotte nog een enkel woord over de uitgaaf. De heer Nijhoff heeft niet anders bedoeld dan een letterlijken herdruk te geven van het werk van den heer Bullen, zoowel wat de aantekeningen als wat den tekst betreft. Dit is buiten mij omgegaan. Alleen heb ik gezorgd dat een vers, hetwelk niet van onzen auteur afkomstig is maar bij vergissing in den tekst was ingeslopen, er weer uit verwijderd werd. In de schoone rede van Batnevelt in het eerste tooneel van het eerste bedrijf, op p. 4 van den herdruk, vinden wij bij Bullen tusschen de twee laatste regels

„And you shall find that the desire of glory

Was the last frailty wise men ere putt of:”

den tusschenzin ingeschoven

(That last infirmity of noble minds).

De dichter Swinburne was de eerste die zich herinnerde dat dit vers in Milton's *Lycidas* voorkomt, een gedicht eerst van het jaar 1637, waaraan het dus door onzen auteur evenmin ontleend kan zijn, als het denkbaar is dat Milton verzen van een ander dichter zou hebben overgenomen. Op de vraag hoe dit te verklaren was, erkende de heer Bullen dat hij het vers van Milton, dat hem op de lippen kwam bij het aantreffen van een soortgelijke gedachte in onze tragedie, op den kant van de drukproef had neergeschreven, vanwaar de zetter het bij vergissing had ingelascht in den tekst.¹ Overigens schijnt de uitgaaf met veel nauwkeurigheid en kennis van zaken bezorgd te zijn.

In de Inleiding komt, buiten hetgeen ik er aan ontleend heb, niets meer voor wat belangrijk genoeg is om aan den Nederlandschen lezer te worden meegedeeld. De volgende opmerking van den heer Fleay evenwel (bij Bullen, p. 206) kan bij het verder onderzoek naar het auteurschap van ons stuk van nut zijn. Ik meen ze om die reden den lezer niet te mogen onthouden.

„It is noticeable that a play called the Jeweller of Amsterdam or the Hague, by John Fletcher, Nathaniel Field and Phillip Massinger, was entered

¹ Zie *Athenaeum*, 10 March 1883.

on the Stationers Books 8th April 1654, but not printed. This play must have been written between 1617 and 1619, while Field was connected with the King's company, and undoubtedly referred to the murder of John van Wely, the Jeweller of Amsterdam, bij John of Paris, the confidential groom of Prince Maurice in 1619. It is *prima facie* likely that the same authors would be employed on both plays. Field, Daborne, Dekker and Fletcher are the only authors known to have written in conjunction with Massinger, and Dekker and Daborne are out of the question for that company at that date."

De moord van Van Wely had plaats in Maart, de executie van den moordenaar in Mei 1616. De sententie werd bij den ordinaris drukker der Staten van Holland in het Fransch zoowel als in het Hollandsch uitgegeven (Muller's pamfletten n^o. 1166 en Thysius' n^o. 1045); een Engelsche vertaling is mij niet bekend maar kan wellicht bestaan. Anders zal de Fransche de bron zijn, waaruit de tooneeldichters hebben geput.

Juli 1884.

R. FRUIN.

SIR JOHN VAN OLDEN BARNAVELT.

Actus Primus.

SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, Leidenberck, and Grotius.

Bar. The Prince of *Orange* now, all names are
lost els!

That hees alone the Father of his Cuntrie!
Said you not so?

Leid. I speake the peoples Language.

Bar. That to his arme and sword the Provinces
owe

Their flourishing peace? that hees the armyes soule
By which it moves to victorie?

Mod. So 'tis said, Sir.

Leid. Nay, more; that without him dispaire and
ruyn

Had ceazd on all and buried quick our safeties.

Gro. That had not he in act betterd our counsailes
And in his execution set them off,
All we designd had ben but as a tale
Forgot as soone as told.

Leid. And with such zeale
This is deliverd that the Prince beleeves it;
For Greatnes, in her owne worth confident,

Doth never waigh but with a covetous hand
His lightest meritts, and who add to the scale
Seldom offend.

Gra. 'Tis this that swells his pride
Beyond those lymitts his late modestie
Ever observd. This makes him count the Soldier
As his owne creature, and to arrogate
All prosperous proceedings to himself;
Detracts from you and alle men, you scarce holding
The second place.

Bar. When I gave him the first:
I robd myself, for it was justly mine.
The labourinthes of pollicie I have trod
To find the clew of safetie, for my Cuntrie
Requird a head more knowing and a courage
As bold as his, — though I must say 'tis great.
His stile of Excellencie was my guift;
Money, the strength and fortune of the war,
The help of *England* and the aide of *Fraance*,
I only can call mine: and shall I then,
Now in the sun-set of my daie of honour,
When I should passe with glory to my rest
And raise my Monument from my Cuntries praises,
Sitt downe and with a boorish patience suffer
The harvest that I labourd for to be
Anothers spoile? the peoples thancks and praises,
Which should make faire way for me to my grave,
To have another object? the choice fruites
Of my deepe projects grace anothers Banquet?
No; this ungratefull Cuntry, this base people,
Most base to my deserts, shall first with horreur
Know he that could defeat the *Spanish* counsailes
And countermyne their dark works, he that made
The State what 'tis, will change it once againe
Ere fall with such dishonour.

Mod. Be advisd, Sir;
I love you as a friend, and as a wise man
Have ever honourd you: be as you were then,

And I am still the same. Had I not heard
 Theis last distemperd words, I would have sworne
 That in the making up of *Barnavel*
 Reason had only wrought, passion no hand in't.
 But now I find you are lesse then a man,
 Lesse then a comon man, and end that race
 You have so long run strongly like a child,
 For such a one old age or honours surfeits
 Againe have made you.

Bar. This to me?

Mod. To you, Sir:

For is't not boyish folly (youthfull heat
 I cannot call it) to spurne downe what all
 His life hath labourd for? Shall *Barnavel*
 That now should studie how to die, propound
 New waies to get a name? or keep a being
 A month or two to ruyn whatsoever
 The good succes of forty yeeres employment
 In the most serious affaires of State
 Have raisd up to his memory? And for what?
 Glory, the popular applause, — fine purchase
 For a gray beard to deale in!

Gro. You offend him.

Mod. 'Tis better then to flatter him as you doe.
 Be but yourself againe and then consider
 What alteration in the State can be
 By which you shall not loose. Should you bring in
 (As heaven avert the purpose and the thought
 Of such a mischief) the old Tirrany
 That *Spaine* hath practisd, doyou thinck you
 should be

Or greater then you are or more secure
 From danger? Would you change the government,
 Make it a Monarchie? Suppose this don
 And any man you favourd most set up,
 Shall your authoritie by him encrease?
 Be not so foolishly seduced; for what
 Can hope propose to you in any change

Which ev'n now you posses not?

Bar. Doe not measure

My ends by yours.

Mod. I know not what you ayme at.

For thirtie yeeres (onely the name of king
You have not had, and yet your absolute powre
Hath ben as ample) who hath ben employd
In office, goverment, or embassie,
Who raisd to wealth or honour that was not
Brought in by your allowaunce? Who hath held
His place without your lycence? Your estate is
Beyond a privat mans: your Brothers, Sonnes,
Frendes, Famylyes, made rich in trust and honours:
Nay, this grave *Maurice*, this now Prince of
Orange,

Whose popularitie you weakely envy,
Was still by you comaunded: for when did he
Enter the feild but 'twas by your allowaunce?
What service undertake which you approv'd not?
What victory was won in which you shard not?
What action of his renownd in which
Your counsaile was forgotten? Yf all this then
Suffice not your ambition but you must
Extend it further, I am sorry that
You give me cause to feare that when you move
next

You move to your destruction.

Bar. Yf I fall

I shall not be alone, for in my ruyns
My Enemies shall find their Sepulchers.
Modes-bargen, though in place you are my equall,
The fire of honour, which is dead in you,
Burnes hotly in me, and I will preserve
Each glory I have got, with as much care
As I acheivd it. Read but ore the Stories
Of men most fam'd for courage or for counsaile,
And you shall find that the desire of glory
Was the last frailty wise men ere putt of:

Be they my presidents.

Gro. 'Tis like yourself,
Like *Barnavelt*, and in that all is spoken.

Leid. I can do something in the State of *Utrecht*,
And you shall find the place of Secretarie,
Which you conferrd upon me there, shall be,
When you employ me, usefull.

Gro. All I am
You know you may comaund: Ile nere enquire
What 'tis you goe about, but trust your counsailes
As the Auncients did their Oracles.

Mod. Though I speak
Not as a flatterer, but a friend, propound
What may not prejudice the State, and I
Will goe as far as any.

Enter 2 Captaines.

Bar. To all my service: ¹
Ere long you shall know more. — What are theis?

Leid. Captaines
That raild upon the Comissary.

Bar. I remember.

¹ *Cap.* Why, you dare charge a foe i' the head
of his troope,
And shake you to deliver a petition
To a statesman and a frend?

² *Cap.* I need not seek him,
He had found me; and, as I am a soldier,
His walking towards me is more terrible
Then any enemies march I ever mett with.

¹ In the right-hand margin we find "Jo: R: migh." — the names of the actors who took the Captains' parts. Further on the name "Jo: Rice" occurs in full. John Rice stands last on the list of Chief Actors in the first fol. Shakespeare. The reader will find an account of him in Collier's "Hist. of Eng. Dram. Lit., iii. 486—88. It is curious that he should have taken so unimportant a part; but perhaps he sustained one of the chief characters besides. — "Migh" = Michael.

1 *Cap.* We must stand to it.

Bar. You, Sir, you?

2 *Cap.* My Lord.

Bar. As I use this I waigh you: you are he
That when your Company was viewd and checkd
For your dead paies,¹ stood on your termes of honour,
Cryde out "I am a Gentleman, a Comaunder,
And shall I be curbd by my lords the States,"
(For thus you said in scorne) "that are but Merchants,
Lawyers, Apothecaries, and Physitians,
Perhaps of worser ranck"? But you shall know, Sir,
They are not such, but Potentates and Princes
From whom you take pay.

1 *Cap.* This indeed is stately:
Statesmen, d'you call 'em?

2 *Cap.* I beseech your Lordship:
'Twas wine and anger.

Bar. No, Sir; want of dutie:
But I will make that tongue give him the lye
That said soe, drunck or sober; take my word for't.
Your Compaine is cast: you had best complaine
To your Great Generall, and see if he
Can of himself maintaine you,—Come, *Modes-bargen*.

[*Exeunt Barnaveli, Modes-bargen, and Grotius,*
Leid. I am sorry for you, Capitaine, but take comfort:
I love a Soldier, and all I can doe
To make you what you were, shall labour for you.
And so, good morrow, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

1 *Cap.* Yet theres hope;
For you have one friend left.

2 *Cap.* You are deceivd, Sir,
And doe not know his nature that gave promise
Of his assistance.

¹ It seems to have been no uncommon thing for officers to keep the names of soldiers on the list after their death and pocket their pay: cf. Webster's "Appius and Virginia," v. i., &c.

1 *Cap.* Who is't?

2 *Cap. Leidenberck.*

One of the Lords, the States, and of great powre too;
I would he were as honest. This is he
That never did man good, and yet no Sutor
Ever departed discontented from him.

Hee'll promise any thing: I have seene him talke
At the Church dore with his hat of to a Begger
Almost an houre together, yet when he left him
He gave him not a doyt. He do's profes
To all an outward pittty, but within
The devills more tender: the great plague upon him!
Why thinck I of him? he's no part of that
Must make my peace.

1 *Cap.* Why, what course will you take then?

2 *Cap.* A Bribe to *Barnavelts* wiffe, or a kind wench
For my yong lord his Son, when he has drunck hard.
There's no way els to doo't

1 *Cap.* I have gold good store
You shall not want that; and if I had thought on't
When I left *London*, I had fitted you
For a convenient Pagan.

2 *Cap.* Why, is there
Such store they can be spard?

1 *Cap.* ¹

2 *Cap.* I thanck you, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCÆNA 2.

Enter 2 *Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, Leidenberck,*
Grotius, and Hogebeets.

Bar. The States are sitting: all that I can doe
He say in little; and in me theis Lords

¹ The reply of 1 *Cap.*, extending to thirteen lines, has been scoted through in the MS., at the instance, I suppose, of the censorious Master of the Revels; it is, unfortunately, quite illegible.

² The MS. reads "*Enter Barnavelt, Modes-bargen, Lei-*

Promise as much. I am of your belief
 In every point you hold touching religion,
 And openly I will profes myself
 Of the *Arminian* sect.

Gro. You honour it.

*Hog.*¹ And all our praises and service.

Bar. Reverend man

Your loves I am ambitious of. Already
 'Tis knowne I favour you, and that hath drawne
 Libells against me; but the stinglesse hate
 Of those that wryte them I contempne

Hog. They are worthie
 Of nothing but contempt.

Bar. That I confes, too;

But yet we must expect much opposition
 Ere your opinions be confirmd. I know
 The *Prince of Orange* a sworne enemy
 To your affections: he has vowd to crosse you,
 But I will still stand for you. My advice is
 That, having won the Burgers to your partie,
 Perswade them to enroll new Companies
 For their defence against the Insolence
 Of the old Soldiers garisond at *Utrecht*.
 Yet practise on them, too, and they may urge this:
 That since they have their pay out of that Province,
 Justice requires they should be of their partie:
 All that is don in *Utrecht* shalbe practis'd
 In *Rotterdam* and other Townes I name not.
 Farther directions you shall have hereafter,
 Till when I leave you.

Gro. With all zeale and care
 We will performe this.

[*Ext.*²

denberck, *Vandermetten*, *Grotius*, *Taurinus*, *Utenbogart*,
Hogebeets. Names not in italics are scored through.

¹ MS. Tau. *Hog.*

² All the characters remain on the stage in spite of this
 ection.

Leid. This foundation
Is well begun.

Gro. And may the building prosper.

Mod. Yet let me tell you, where Religion
Is made a cloke to our bad purposes
They seldom have succes.

Bar. You are too holly:

We live now not with Saints but wicked men,
And any thriving way we can make use of,
What shape so ere it weares, to crosse their arts,
We must embrace and cherish; and this course
(Carrying a zealous face) will countenance
Our other actions. Make the Burgers ours,
Raise Soldiers for our guard, strengthen our side
Against the now unequall opposition
Of this Prince that contemns us; ¹ at the worst,
When he shall know there are some Regiments
We may call ours, and that have no dependance
Upon his favour, 'twill take from his pride
And make us more respected.

Mod. May it prove so.

Enter Bredero, Vandort, Officers.

Bre. Good day, my Lord.

Vand. Good Mounseieur Advocate,
You are an early stirrer.

Bar. 'Tis my dutie
To wayte your Lordships pleasure: please you to
walke.

Bre. The Prince is wanting, and this meeting being
Touching the oath he is to take, 'twere fitt
That we attend him.

Bar. That he may set downe
What he will sweare, prescribing lymitts to us!

¹ At first the line ran, "Of this proud *Prince of Orange*,
at the worst.

We need not add this wind by our observaunce
 To sailes too full alreedy. Oh, my Lords,
 What will you doe? Have we with so much blood
 Maintaind our liberties, left the allegeaunce
 (How justly now it is no time to argue)
 To *Spaine*, to offer up our slavish necks
 To one that only is what we have made him?
 For, be but you yourselves, this *Prince of Orange*
 Is but as *Barnavelt*, a Servant to
 Your Lordships and the State; like me maintaind;
 The pomp he keeps, at your charge: will you then
 Wayt his prowde pleasure, and in that confes,
 By daring to doe nothing, that he knowes not —
 You have no absolute powre?

Van. I never sawe

The Advocate so mov'd.

Bar. Now to be patient

Were to be treacherous: trust once his counsaile
 That never yet hath faild you. Make him know
 That any limb of this our reverend Senate
 In powre is not beneath him. As we sitt
 Ile yeild you further reasons; i' the meane time
 Comaund him by the Officers of the Court
 Not to presse in untill your Lordships pleasure
 Be made knowne to him.

Vand. 'Tis most requisite.

Leid. And for the honour of the Court.

Vand. Goe on;

You have my voice.

Bre. And mine; — yet wee'll proceed

As judgement shall direct us.

Vand. 'Tis my purpose.

Bar. In this disgrace I have one foote on his neck;
 Ere long Ile set the other on his head
 And sinck him to the Center.

Leid. Looke to the dores there.

[*Excunt.*

SCÆNA 3.

Enter ¹ *Pr. of Orange, Gra: William, Collonells
& Captaines.*

Or. I, now methincks I feele the happynes
Of being sproong from such a noble father,
That sacrificd his honour, life and fortune
For his lov'd Cuntry. Now the blood and kindred
Of *Horne* and *Egmont* (Memories great Martires),
That must outlive all *Alva's* Tirranies
And when their Stories told ev'n shake his ashes,
Methincks through theis vaines now, now at this
instant,

I feele their Cuntries losse; I feele ² too—

Will. All feele sencibly,
And every noble hart laments their miseries,
And every eie, that labours not with mallice,
Sees your great services and through what dangers
You have raisd those noble speritts monuments.

Or. What I have don I look not back to magnifie;
My Cuntry calld me to it. What I shall yet doe,
With all the industrie and strength I have lent me
And grace of heaven to guid, so it but satisfie
The expectation of the State comaunds me
And in my Cuntries eye appeere but lovely.
I shall sitt downe, though old and bruizd yet happie;
Nor can the bitter and bold tounge of mallice,
That never yet spoke well of faire deservings,
With all hir course aspersions floong upon me
Make me forsake my dutie, touch or shake me
Or gaine so much upon me as an anger,

¹ MS. *Enter Pr. of Orange, Gr: Henrie, Gra: William, Collonells & Captaines. Gr: Henrie and Collonells* are scored through. In the right-hand margin is written the name of an actor *Mr. Rob:*

² The words "I feele too" probably belong to another speaker.

We need not add this wind by our observance
 To sailes too full alreedy. Oh, my Lords,
 What will you doe? Have we with so much bl
 Maintained our liberties, left the alleageance
 (How justly now it is no time to argue)
 To *Spain*, to offer up our slavish necks
 To one that only is what we have made him
 For, be but you yourselves, this *Prince of Ora*
 Is but as *Barnavelt*, a Servant to
 Your Lordships and the State; like me maintai
 The pomp he keeps, at your charge: will you t
 Wayt his prowde pleasure, and in that confes,
 By daring to doe nothing, that he knowes no
 You have no absolute powre?

Van. I never sawe
 The Advocate so mov'd.

Bar. Now to be patient
 Were to be treacherous: trust once his counsa
 That never yet hath faild you. Make him kno
 That any limb of this our reverend Senate
 In powre is not beneath him. As we sitt
 Ile yeild you further reasons; i' the meane tim
 Comaund him by the Officers of the Court
 Not to presse in untill your Lordships pleasur
 Be made knowne to him.

Vand. 'Tis most requisite.

Leid. And for the honour of the Court.

Vand. Goe on;
 You have my voice.

Bre. And mine; — yet wee'll proceed
 As judgement shall direct us.

Vand. 'Tis my purpose.

Bar. In this disgrace I have one foote on his
 Ere I can get my head

Or. Do'st thou know who I am?

1 Gu. Yes, Sir, and honour you.

Or. Why do'st thou keep the dore fast then?

Will. Thou fellow,

Thou sawcy fellow, and you that stand by gaping!

Is the Prince of no more value, no more respect

Then like a Page?

2 Gu. We beseech your Excellencies

To pardon us; our duties are not wanting,

Nor dare we entertaine a thought to crosse ye:

We are placed here on Comaund.

Or. To keepe me out?

Have I lost my place in Councell? are my services

Grownne to so poore regards, my worth so bankrupt?

Or am I tainted with dishonest actions,

That I am held unfitt my Cuntries busines?

Who placd ye here?

1 Gu. The body of the Counceli;

And we beseech your Grace make it not our syn:

They gave us strict comaund to stop your passage.

Or. 'Twas frendly don and like my noble masters.

Will. Deny you place? make good the dore against
ye?

This is unsufferable? most unsufferable.

Or. Now I begin to feele those doubts; I feare
still—

Col. So far to dare provoke ye! 'tis too monstrous;
And you forget your self, your birth, your honour,
The name of Soldier if you suffer this,
Suffer from these, these things, these—pox upon't! —
These molds of men made noble by your services,
Your daylie sweatts.

1 Cap. It must not be endured thus,
The wrong extends to us, we feele it severally.

used, besides he is to much presented. G. B." The initials
are those of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels.

Whilst here I hold me loyall. Yet believe, Gentlemen,
 Theis wrongs are neither few nor slight, nor followed
 By liberrall tongues provokd by want or wine,
 For such were to be smild at and so slighted,
 But by those men, and shot so neer mine honour
 I feare my person too; but, so the State suffer not,
 I am as easie to forget.

Will. Too easie;

And that feeds up their mallice to a Monster.
 You are the arme oth' war, the Soldiers sperit;
 The other but dead stories, you the dooer.

Col. It stands not with the honour you have won,
 Sir,

Still built upon and betterd.

Or. No more, good Collonell.

Col. The love the Soldier beares you to give way
 thus!

To have your actions consturd, scornd and scoffd at
 By such malignant soules! you are yourself, Sir,
 And master of more mindes that love and honour ye.¹

Will. Yf you would see it; but take through the
 mallice

The evill intended now, now bent upon ye.

Or. I pray ye, no more; as you love me, no more.

Stupid I never was nor so secure yet

To lead my patience to mine owne betraying:

I shall find time and riper cause.— [*Guard at dore.*]

Now, frends,

Are my Lords the States set yet.

I Gu. An houre agoe, Sir.

Or. Beshrew ye, Gentlemen, you have made me
 tardy:

Open the dore,

I Gu. I beseech your Grace to pardon me.²

¹ Fletcher is fond of using "ye" for "you."

² In the MS. there is a marginal note: — "I like not this: neither do I think that the pr. was thus disgracefully

Or. Do'st thou know who I am?

1 Gu. Yes, Sir, and honour you.

Or. Why do'st thou keep the dore fast then?

Will. Thou fellow,

Thou sawcy fellow, and you that stand by gaping!
Is the Prince of no more value, no more respect
Then like a Page?

2 Gu. We beseech your Excellencies

To pardon us; our duties are not wanting,
Nor dare we entertaine a thought to crosse ye:
We are placed here on Comaund.

Or. To keepe me out?

Have I lost my place in Councell? are my services
Growne to so poore regards, my worth so bankrupt?
Or am I tainted with dishonest actions,
That I am held unfitt my Cuntries busines?
Who placd ye here?

1 Gu. The body of the Council;

And we beseech your Grace make it not our syn:
They gave us strict comaund to stop your passage.

Or. 'Twas frendly don and like my noble masters.

Will. Deny you place? make good the dore against
ye?

This is unsufferable? most unsufferable.

Or. Now I begin to feele those doubts; I feare
still—

Col. So far to dare provoke ye! 'tis too monstrous;
And you forget your self, your birth, your honour,
The name of Soldier if you suffer this,
Suffer from these, these things, these—pox upon't! —
These molds of men made noble by your services,
Your daylie sweatts.

1 Cap. It must not be endured thus,
The wrong extends to us, we feele it severally.

used, besides he is to much presented. G. B." The initials
are those of Sir George Buc, Master of the Revels.

2 *Cap.* Your sweet humillitie has made 'em scorne ye
And us, and all the world that serve their uses;
And stick themselves up teachers, masters, princes,
Allmost new gods too, founders of new faithes.
—Weell force your way.

Col. Let's see then who dare stop ye.

Gu. Not we, I am sure.

Col. Let's see who dare denie ye
Your place and right of counsell.

Or. Stay, I comaund ye;

He that puts forward first to this wild action
Has lost my love and is becom mine Enemy,
My mortall enemie. Put up your weapons,
You draw 'em against order, duty, faith;
And let me die ere render such examples.
The men you make so meane, so slight account of,
And in your angers prise, not in your honours,
Are Princes, powerfull Princes, mightie Princes;
That daylie feed more men of your great fashion
And noble ranck, pay and maintaine their fortunes,
Then any monarch *Europe* has: and for this bountie,
If ye consider truly, Gentlemen,
And honestly, with thankfull harts remember,
You are to pay them back againe your service:
They are your masters, your best masters, noblest,
Those that protect your states, hold up your fortunes;
And for this good you are to sacrifice
Your thancks and duties, not your threats and angers.
I and all Soldiers els that strike with their armes,
And draw from them the meanes of life and honour,
Are doble tyde in faith to observe their pleasures.

Col. A Prince of rare humanitie and temper.
Sir, as you teach us armes, you man our minds, too,
With civill precepts, making us true Soldiers,
Then worthie to receive a trust from others
When we stand masters of our owne discretions.

*Enter Barnavelt, Modesbargen, Leidenberch, Grotius,
Bredero, Vandort & Hogerbeets.*

Will. Your good and great example tyes us all, Sir.

Cap. The Councell's broken up.

Or. My noble Lords,

Let it not seeme displeasing to your wisdomes,
I humbly ask in what I have offended,
Or how suspected stand, or with what cryme blotted,
That this day from your fellowship, your councell,
My Cuntries care and where I owe most service,
Like a man perisht in his worth I am exile.

Bar. Your Grace must know we cannot wait
attendaunce,

Which happely you looke for.

Or. Wayt, my lords!

Bar. Nor what we shall designe for the States
comfort

Stay your deliberate crosses. We know you are able,
And every way a wise Prince fitt for counsell;
But I must tell ye, Sir, and tell ye truly,
The Soldier has so blowne ye up, so swelld ye
And those few services you call your owne,
That now our comendations are too light gales,
Too slacke and emptie windes, to move your worthes;
And trumpets of your owne tongue and the Soldiers
Now onely fill your sailes.

Bre. Be not so bitter.

Bar. We mix with quiet speritts, staid and tem-
perate,

And those that levell at not great but good ends
Dare hold us their Companions, not their Servants,
And in that ranck be ready to supply us.
Your Grace is growne too haughtie.

Leid. Might it please you

But thinck, Sir, of our honest services
(I dare not terme them equall) and but waigh well,
In which I know your Grace a perfect master,

Your judgment excellent, and then but tell us
 And truly (which I know your goodnes will doe)
 Why should we seeme so poore, so undertrodden,
 And though not trusted with the State and Councell,
 Why so unable vallued. Pardon, great Sir,
 If those complaine who feelee the waight of envy,
 If such poore trod on wormes make show to turne
 againe.

Nor is it we that feelee, I hope, nor you, Sir,
 That gives the cullour of this difference.
 Rumour has many tongues but few speak truth:
 We feelee not onely, — if we did 'twere happie —
 Our Cuntry, Sir, our Cuntrie beares the blow too;
 But you were ever noble.

Or. Good my Lords,

Let it be free your Servant, chard in mallice,
 If not fling of his crymes, at least excuse 'em
 To you my great correcter. Would to heaven, Sir,
 That syn of pride and insolence you speake of,
 That pufft up greatnes blowne from others follyes
 Were not too neere akin to your great Lordship
 And lay not in your bosom, your most deere one.
 You taint me, Sir, with syns concerne my manners, —
 If I have such Ile studdy to correct 'em;
 But, should I taint you, I should charge ye deeper:
 The cure of those would make ye shrinck and shake,
 too,

—Shake of your head.

Bar. You are too weak ith' hams, Sir.

Or. Who raisd these new religious forces, Sir,
 And by what warrant? what assignement had ye
 From the States generall? who blew new fires?
 Even fires of fowle rebellion, I must tell ye;
 The bellows to it, Religion. You were lov'd yet
 But for your ends, — through all the Townes, the
 Garrisons,

To fright the union of the State, to shake it.
 What syns are theis? You may smile with much comfort,

And they that see ye and not looke closely to ye
May crye too er't be long.

Bar. Your Grace has leave, Sir,
And tis right good it be soe. — Follow me home,
And there Ile give ye new directions
How to proceed, and sodainely.

Leid. } We are yours, Sir.
Mod. }

[*Exeunt Bar., Leid., Mod.*

Or. My lords, to what a monster this man's grown
You may (if not abusd with dull securitie)
See plaine as day.

Bre. We doe not like his carriage.

Van. He do's all, speakes all, all disposes.

Or. Spoiles all.

He that dare live to see him work his ends out
Uncrossd and unprevented, that wretched man
Dare live to see his Cuntry shrinck before him.
Consider my best lords, my noblest masters,
How most, most fitt, how just and necessary
A sodaine and a strong prevention.

Bre. We all conceive your Grace and all look
through him

And find him what we feare not yet but grieve at.
You shall have new Comission from us all
To take in all those Townes he has thrust his men in:
When you have that, proceed as likes your Excellence.

Or. Your lordships true friend and most obedient
Servant

Van. Come to the present busines then.

Or. We attend you. [Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Barnavelt, Leidenberch, Modesbargen.

Bar. I have with danger venturd thus far to you
 That you might know by me our plot's discoverd.
 But let not that discourage you: though *Van Dort*
 And *Bredero*, with others, have assented
 To force this Towne, stand you still on your Guard,
 And on my reputation rest assured
 With violence they never dare attempt you;
 For that would give the world to understand
 Th' united Provinces, that by their concord
 So long have held out 'gainst th' opposition
 Of all *Spaines* Governours, their plotts and armyes,
 Make way to their most certaine ruyn by
 A Civill warre.

Leid. This cannot be denide.

Bar. And so at any time we may make our peace,
 Returning to our first obedience
 Upon what termes we please.

Mod. That is not certaine;
 For, should we tempt them once to bring their forces
 Against the Towne and find we give it up
 For want of strength to keepe it, the Conditions
 To which we must subscribe are in their will
 And not our choice or pleasure.

Bar. You are governd
 More by your feare then reason.

Mod. May it prove soe:
 That way I would be guiltie.

Bar. How appeere
 The new raisd Companies?

Leid. They stand full and faithfull;
 And for the Burgers, they are well affected
 To our designes. The *Arminians* play their parts too,

And thunder in their meetings hell and dampnation
To such as hold against us.

Bar. 'Tis well orderd:

But have you tride by any meanes (it skills not
How much you promise) to wyn the old Soldiers
(The *English* Companies, in chief, I ayme at)
To stand firme for us?

Leid. We have to that purpose
Imploud *Rock-Giles*, with some choice Burgers els
That are most popular to the Officers
That doe commaund here in the Collonells absence.
We expect them every mynitt. Yf your Lordship
(For 'tis not fitt, I think, you should be seene)
Will please to stand aside (yet you shalbe
Within the hearing of our Conference)
You shall perceive we will imploy all arts
To make them ours.

Mod. They are come.

Bar. Be earnest with them.

Enter Rock-Giles, 2 Burgers, Captaines, Leutenant.

R: Giles. With much adoe I have brought 'em:
the prowde Shellains ¹
Are paid too well, and that makes them forget
We are their Masters.

I Burg. But when we tooke them on,
Famishd allmost for want of entertainement,
Then they cryde out they would do any thing
We would commaund them.

I Cap. And so we say still,
Provided it be honest.

Giles. Is it fitt
That mercenary Soldiers, that for pay
Give up their liberties and are sworne t' expose

¹ "Shellain" is a corrupted form of Dutch *schelm*—a rogue, villain.

Their lyves and fortunes to all dangers, should
Capitulate with their Lords?

1 *Burg.* Prescribing when
They are pleasd to be commaunded and for what.

Giles. Answere to this.

Leuit. You know our resolutions,
And therefore, Captaine, speak for all.

1 *Cap.* I will,
And doe it boldly: We were entertaind
To serve the generall States and not one Province;
To fight as often as the Prince of *Orange*
Shall lead us forth, and not to stand against him;
To guard this Cuntrie, not to ruyn it;
To beat of foreigne Enemies, not to cherish
Domestique factions. And where you upbraid us
With the poore means we have to feed, not cloath us,
Forgetting at how deere a rate we buy
The trifles we have from you, thus I answere:—
Noe Cuntrie ere made a defensive war
And gaind by it but you. What privat Gentleman
That onely trailes a pike, that comes from *England*
Or *Fraunce*, but brings gold with him which he leaves
here

And so enriches you? Where such as serve
The *Polander*, *Bohemian*, *Dane*, or *Turck*,
Though they come almost naked to their Collours,
Besides their pay (which they contempne) the spoiles
Of armyes overthrowne, of Citties sackd,
Depopulations of wealthie Cuntries,
If he survive the uncertaine chaunce of war,
Returne him home to end his age in plenty
Of wealth and honours.

Bar. This is shrewdly urgd.

1 *Cap.* Where we, poore wretches, covetous of
fame onely,
Come hether but as to a Schoole of war
To learne to struggle against cold and hunger,
And with unwearied steps to overcome

A tedious march when the hot Lyons breath
 Burnes up the feilds; the glory that we ayme at
 Being our obedience to such as doe
 Comaund in cheif; to keepe our rancks, to fly
 More then the death all mutenies and rebellions.
 And would you then, whose wisdomes should correct
 Such follies in us, rob us of that litle,
 That litle honour that rewards our service,
 To bring our necks to the Hangmans Sword or Halter,
 Or (should we scape) to brand our foreheads with
 The name of Rebells?

Giles. I am put to a non plus: —
 Speake mine Here Secretarie.

Leid. I have heard
 So much deliverd by you and so well,
 Your actions, too, at all parts answearing
 What you have spoken, that I must acknowledge
 We all stand far indebted to your service:
 And therefore, as unto the worthiest,
 The faithfullest and strongest that protect
 Us and our Cuntries, we now seek to you,
 And would not but such men should be remembred
 As principall assistants in the Care
 Of a disease which now the State lyes sick of.
 I know you love the valiant Prince, and yet
 You must graunt him a Servant to the States
 As you are, Gentlemen, and therefore will not
 Defend that in him which you would not cherish
 In cold blood in your selves; for should he be
 Disloyall——

Lewis. He disloyall! 'tis a language
 I will not heare.

2 Cap. Such a suspition of him
 In one that wore a Sword deserv'd the lye.

1 Cap. We know your oild tongue; and your
 rethorique

Will hardly work on us that are acquainted
 With what faire language your ill purposes

Are ever cloathd, nor ever wilbe won
 To undervalue him whose least fam'd service
 Scornes to be put in ballance with the best
 Of all your Counsailes; and for his faith, O heaven!
 It do's as far transcend yours in your praies
 As light do's darkness.

Leid. I perceive 'tis true
 That such as flatter Servants make them prowd.
 Wee'll use a rougher way, and here commaund you
 To leave the Towne, and sodainely, if you wish not
 To be forced hence.

i Cap. Your new raisd Companies
 Of such as never saw the Enemie
 Can hardly make that good: we were placed here
 By the allowaunce of the generall States
 And of the Prince to keep it to their use.

Leuit. And we will doe it.

i Cap. And while there is Lead
 Upon a house, or any Soldier master
 But of a doyt: when that is gon, expect
 That we will make you sport, or leave our lives
 To witness we were faithfull. — Come, Lieutenant,
 Let us draw up the Companies; and then
 Charge on us when you please. [*Exeunt.*]

Mod. This I foresaw.

Bar. Oh, I am lost with anger! are we false
 So lowe from what we were, that we dare heare
 This from our Servants and not punish it?
 Where is the terrour of our names, our powre
 That *Spaine* with feare hath felt in both his *Indies*?
 We are lost for ever, and from freemen growne
 Slaves so contemptible as no worthie Prince,
 That would have men, not sluggish Beasts, his
 Servants,

Would ere vouchsafe the owning. Now, my friends,
 I call not on your furtherance to preserve
 The lustre of my actions; let me with them
 Be nere remembred, so this government,

Your wives, your lives and liberties be safe:
 And therefore, as you would be what you are,
 Freemen and masters of what yet is yours,
 Rise up against this Tirant, and defend
 With rigour what too gentle lenitie
 Hath almost lost.

Leid. Ile to the new raisd Soldiers
 And make them firme.

Giles. Ile muster up the Burgers
 And make them stand upon their guard.

Mod. For me
 Ile not be wanting.

Bar. Ile back to the *Hage*
 And something there Ile doe that shall divert
 The torrent that swells towards us, or sinck in it;
 And let this Prince of *Orange* seat him sure,
 Or he shall fall when he is most secure. [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 2.

*Enter Holderus, Dutch-woemen and an
 English Gentlew.*

1 *D. W.* Here come the Sisters: that's an *English*
 Gentlewoman,
 Let's pray for hir Conversion.

2 *D. W.* You are wellcom, Lady,
 And your coming over hether is most happy;
 For here you may behold the generall freedom
 We live and traffique in, the ioy of woemen
 No emperious *Spanish* eye governes our actions,
 Nor *Italian* jealousy locks up our meetings:
 We are ourselves our owne disposers, masters;
 And those that you call husbands are our Servants.

3 *D. W.* Your owne Cuntry breedes ye hamsom,
 maintaines ye brave,
 But with a stubborne hand the husbands awe ye:
 You speake but what they please, looke where they
 point ye,

And though ye have some libertie 'tis lymitted.

4 *D. W.* Which curse you must shake of. To live is nothing;

To live admird and lookd at, — poore deserving
But to live soe, so free you may comaund, Lady,
Compell, and there raigne Sovereaigne.

1 *D. W.* Do you thinck there's any thing
Our husbands labour for, and not for our ends?
Are we shut out of Counsailes, privacies,
And onely lymitted our household busines?
No, certaine, Lady; we pertake with all,
Or our good men pertake no rest. Why this man
Works theis or theis waies, with or against the State,
We know and give allowaunces.

2 *D. W.* Why such a Gentleman,
Thus hansom and thus yong, comaunds such a quarter,
Where theys faire Ladies lye; why the *Grave's* angry
And Mounseieur *Barnavelt* now discontent, —
Do you thinck it's fitt we should be ignorant?

2 *D. W.* Or why there's sprung up now a new
devotion?

Good Gentlewoman, no. Do you see this fellow?
He is a Scholler and a parlous Scholler,
Or whether he be a Scholler or no 'tis not a doyt
matter:

He's a fine talker and a zealous talker;
We can make him thinck what we list, say what we
list,

Print what we list and whom we list abuse in't.

Eng.-gentw. And a Teacher do you say?

2 *D. W.* A singuler teacher,

For so we hold such here.

Eng.-gentw. Doe they use no modestie
Upon my life, some of theis new *Arminians*,
Theis hissing tosts!

Hold. An ignorant strange woman,
Whose faith is onely tride by a Coach and four
horses.

3 *D. W.* Come, you must be as we are and the
rest of your Countrywomen;
You doe not know the sweet on't.

Eng.-gentw. Indeed, nor will not;
Our Cuntry brings us up to faire Obedience
To know our husbands for our Governours,
So to obey and serve 'em: two heads make mon-
sters;

Nor Dare we thinck of what is don above us,
Nor talk of *Graves*.

Hold. The *Grave* shall smart for 't shortly;
Goe you and tell him soe, gooddy *English woman*:
You have long tayles and long tongues, but we
shall clip 'em.

Enter Vandermitten. ¹

1 *D. W.* How now? what haste?

Vand. The Prince is drawing up to us
And has disarm'd all the strong Townes about us
Of our new Soldiers; the *English* now stand only
And the old Companies.

Eng.-gentw. Now your wisdomes, Ladies,
Your learning also, Sir, your learned prating—
You that dare prick your eares up at great Princes
And dole charge your tongue with new opinions, —
What can you doe? or can theis holly woemen
That you have arm'd against obedience
And made contempners of the fooles their husbands,
Examiners of State, — can they doe any thing?
Can they defy the Prince?

Hold. They shall defie him,
And to his face: why doe not ye raise the Burgers
And draw up the new Companies?

¹ The stage direction in the MS. runs thus: — "*Enter 1 Burger, Vandermitten, Grotius.*" *Vandermitten* finally takes the place of 1 *Burger* and *Grotius*.

Enter Leidenberge. ¹

Leid. Away, good women!

This is no sport for you: goe, cheere your husbands
And bid 'em stand now bravely for their liberties.

Arnam and *Roterdam* and all about us

Have yeilded him obedience; all the new Companies
Purgd and disarmd. Goe you; take to the *Arminians*,
And raise their harts. Good Ladies, no more Coun-
cells:

This is no time to puppet in.

¹ *D. W.* We are gon, Sir,

² *D. W.* And will so coniure up our lazie hus-
bands.

Eng-gentw. And coniure wisely, too; the devill
will faile else. [*Exeunt Women.*]

Leid. What's she?

Vand. An *English* woman.

Leid. Would they were all shipt well
To th' other part oth' world. Theis stubborne *English*
We onely feare.

Vand. We are strong enough to curb 'em.

Leid. But we have turnop hearts.

Enter a Messenger.

Now what's the next newes?

Mess. ² The Prince is at the Barriers, and desires
his entraunce.

Leid. He must not enter: — what Company is
with him?

Mess. But few, and those unarmd too: about
some twentie.

Leid. And what behind?

Mess. We can discover none.

¹ Beneath, in the MS., is written the name of the actor
who took the part, "Mr. Gough."

² In the right-hand margin are written the initials "R. T."
It is unknown what actor was the owner of them.

Leid. Let's goe and view: Brothers, be strong
and valiant;
We have lost the Towne els and our freedoms
with it. [Exit.

SCÆNA 3.

Enter 1 Captaine¹ and Soldiers.

Sold. They charge us not to let him in.

1 Cap. We will doe it;
He has our faithes. — What strengthe 's upon the
Guard?

Sold. Two hundred *English*.

1 Cap. Goe, and give this comaund then:
That if any Burgers or *Arminian* Soldiers
Offer to come upon the Guard, or let in or out
Any without our knowledge, presently
To bend their strength upon 'em.

Sold. It shalbe don. [Exit.

1 Cap. Do you disperse to the old Companies,
Bid 'em be ready; tell 'em now is the time,
And charge 'em keepe a strong eye ore the Burgers.
He up toth' Guard.

Sold. Wee'le doe it seriously. [Exit.

SCÆNA 4.

*Enter Prince of Orange, William, Captaine,²
Leutenant, &c.*

Or. None of our frends upon the Portt? Is this
the welcom
Of such a Towne, so bound in preservation
To us and ours?

2 Cap. The Prince is sadly angry.

¹ „Jo: Ri:” is written above, and “migh” in the right-hand margin.

² “Mr. Rob.” took the Captain's part.

Leicut. Can ye blame him, Captaine, when such
 a den of dog whelps
 Are fosterd here against him? You will rouse anon:
 There are old Companies sure, honest and fathfull,
 That are not poysond with this ranck infection.
 Now they appeare, Sir.

Enter Captaine ¹ on the walls.

I Cap. Will your Grace please to enter?

Or. And thanck ye too.

I Cap. The Port is open for ye.

Or. You see my number.

I Cap. But I hope 'tis more, Sir.

Or. Theis must in first; 'Twill breed a good
 securitie.

I Cap. We stand all ready for your Grace.

Or. We thanck ye.

I Cap. What Companies come on, Sir.

Or. Three Troope of horse,
 That will be with ye presently: keepe strong the
 Port.

I Cap. Enter when please your Grace; we shall
 stand sure, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 5.

Enter Leidenberge, Vandermitten, ² Rock Giles.

Leid. Is he come in, do you say?

Vand. He is, but followed
 So slenderly and poore.

Leid. We are undon then;
 He knowes too well what ground he ventures on.

¹ This Captain is identical with the one in the previous scene: "Jo: Rice:" took the part.

² In the MS. *Vandermitten* is scored through, and *Grotius* written above; but the alteration is not followed afterwards.

Where are the *Arminian* Soldiers?

R. Giles. They stand ith' market place.

Leid. Are they well armd?

R. Giles. Ready to entertaine him.

Leid. Who comaunds the Port?

Vand. The *English*.

Leid. Ten towsand devills!

Odd's sacrament! a meere trick to betray us.

Vand. We can discover none behind.

Leid. A trick:

Those *English* are the men borne to undooe us.

*Enter Messenger.*¹

Mess. Arme, arme, and now stand to your
ancient freedoms!

Three troope of horse, ten Companies of foote
Are enterd now the Port.

Leid. I told ye, Gentlemen.

Mess. The *English* make a stand upon the new
Companies,

Ready to charge 'em if they stirr.

Leid. Oh mischief!

All our designes are crackt, layed open, ruynd:
Let's looke if any cure remaine. O devill! [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 6.

Enter Duch-woemen and Burgers.

Duch-W. The Prince, the Prince, the Prince! O
our husbands.

Burg. Goe pray, goe pray, goe pray: We shalbe
hangd all.

Duch-W. I would it were no worse:

¹ "R. T." was responsible for the part.

Enter Eng.-gentw.

Eng.-gentw. Now where's your valours,
You that would eat the Prince?

Duch-W. Sweet *English* Gentlewoman.

Eng.-gentw. Fy, doe not run! for shame! body
a me,
How their feare outstincks their garlick! litle Sir
Gregory,

*Enter Holterus.*¹

Art thou afraid, too? out with thy two edgd tongue
And lay about thee!

Hold. Out o' my way, good woeman,
Out o' my way: I shalbe whipt, and hangd too.

Eng.-gentw. Theis fellowes have strong faithes
and notable valours:
Ile walk about and see this sport. [Exeunt.

SCÆNA 7.

*Enter Orange, Leidenberg, Burgers, Capitaines,
Soldiers, and Arminians.*

Or. Now, Mounseur *Leidenberge* you may se
openly
The issues of your desperate undertakings,
And your good helpes, myne Heeires; now you
must feele too,
And to your greifes, what the deserts of those are
That boldly dare attempt their Cuntries ruyn
And who we serve, how faithfully and honestly
You must and shall confes too: not to blind ends
Hood-winckt with base ambition, such as yours are,
But to the generall good. -Let² theis new Companies

¹ In the right-hand margin are the initials, "T. P.," i. e. Thomas Pollard.

² In the right hand margin is a stage-direction, scored through, -"Droms—Enter ye Arminians: pass over."

A tedious march when the hot Lyons breath
 Burnes up the feilds; the glory that we ayme at
 Being our obedience to such as doe
 Comaund in cheif; to keepe our rancks, to fly
 More then the death all mutenies and rebellions.
 And would you then, whose wisdomes should correct
 Such follies in us, rob us of that litle,
 That litle honour that rewards our service,
 To bring our necks to the Hangmans Sword or Halter,
 Or (should we scape) to brand our foreheads with
 The name of Rebells?

Giles. I am put to a non plus: —
 Speake mine Here Secretarie.

Leid. I have heard
 So much deliverd by you and so well,
 Your actions, too, at all parts answering
 What you have spoken, that I must acknowledge
 We all stand far indebted to your service:
 And therefore, as unto the worthiest,
 The faithfullest and strongest that protect
 Us and our Cuntries, we now seek to you,
 And would not but such men should be remembred
 As principall assistants in the Care
 Of a disease which now the State lyes sick of.
 I know you love the valiant Prince, and yet
 You must graunt him a Servant to the States
 As you are, Gentlemen, and therefore will not
 Defend that in him which you would not cherish
 In cold blood in your selves; for should he be
 Disloyall——

Leuit. He disloyall! 'tis a language
 I will not heare.

2 Cap. Such a suspition of him
 In one that wore a Sword deserv'd the lye.

1 Cap. We know your oild tongue; and your
 rethorique
 Will hardly work on us that are acquainted
 With what faire language your ill purposes

Are ever cloathd, nor ever wilbe won
 To undervalue him whose least fam'd service
 Scornes to be put in ballance with the best
 Of all your Counsailes; and for his faith, O heaven!
 It do's as far transcend yours in your praies
 As light do's darkness.

Leid. I perceive 'tis true
 That such as flatter Servants make them prowd.
 Wee'll use a rougher way, and here commaund you
 To leave the Towne, and sodainely, if you wish not
 To be forced hence.

i Cap. Your new raisd Companies
 Of such as never saw the Enemie
 Can hardly make that good: we were placed here
 By the allowaunce of the generall States
 And of the Prince to keep it to their use.

Leuit. And we will doe it.

i Cap. And while there is Lead
 Upon a house, or any Soldier master
 But of a doyt: when that is gon, expect
 That we will make you sport, or leave our lives
 To witness we were faithfull. — Come, Lieutenant,
 Let us draw up the Companies; and then
 Charge on us when you please. [*Exeunt.*]

Mod. This I foresaw.

Bar. Oh, I am lost with anger! are we false
 So lowe from what we were, that we dare heare
 This from our Servants and not punish it?
 Where is the terrour of our names, our powre
 That *Spaine* with feare hath felt in both his *Indies*!
 We are lost for ever, and from freemen growne
 Slaves so contemptible as no worthie Prince,
 That would have men, not sluggish Beasts, his
 Servants,

Would ere vouchsafe the owning. Now, my friends
 I call not on your furtherance to preserve
 The lustre of my actions; let me with them
 Be nere remembred, so this government,

A tedious march when the hot Lyons breath
 Burnes up the feilds; the glory that we ayme at
 Being our obedience to such as doe
 Comaund in cheif; to keepe our rancks, to fly
 More then the death all mutenies and rebellions.
 And would you then, whose wisdomes should correct
 Such follies in us, rob us of that litle,
 That litle honour that rewards our service,
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 Or (should we scape) to brand our foreheads with
 The name of Rebels?

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 Your actions, too, at all parts answearing
 What you have spoken, that I must acknowledge
 We all stand far indebted to your service:
 And therefore, as unto the worthiest,
 The faithfulest and strongest that protect
 Us and our Cuntries, we now seek to you,
 And would not but such men should be remembred
 As principall assistants in the Care
 Of a disease which now the State lyes sick of.
 I know you love the valiant Prince, and yet
 You must graunt him a Servant to the States
 As you are, Gentlemen, and therefore will not
 Defend that in him which you would not cherish
 In cold blood in your selves; for should he be
 Disloyall——

Lewis. He disloyall! 'tis a language
 I will not heare.

2 *Cap.* Such a suspition of him
 In one that wore a Sword deserv'd the lye.

1 *Cap.* We know your oild tongue; and your
 rethorique
 Will hardly work on us that are acquainted
 With what faire language your ill purposes

And those rare parts that make ye lov'd and honourd,
 In every Princes Court highly esteemd of,
 Should loose so much in point of good and vertue
 Now in the time you ought to fix your faith fast,
 The creadit of your age carelessly loose it, —
 I dare not say, ambitiously — that your best frends,
 And those that ever thought on your example,
 Dare not with comon safetie now salute ye.

Bar. I loose in point of honour! My frends feare me!
 My age suspected too! now as ye are iust men
 Unknit this riddle.

1 Lord. You are doubted, strongly doubted.

Bar. O the devill.

2 Lord. Your loialtie suspected.

Bar. Who dare doe this?

Bred. We wish all well; and you that know how
 dangerous

In men of lesser mark theis foule attempts are
 And often have bewaild 'em in the meanest,
 I make no doubt will meet your owne fault sodainely
 And chide yourself; grow faire againe and flourish
 In the same full esteeme ye held and favour.

Bar. And must I heare this sett downe for all
 my service?

Is this the glorious mark of my deservings?
 Taynted and torne in honour must I perish,
 And must theis silver curles, ô you unthancfull,
 Theis emblemes of my frostie cares and travells
 For you and for the State, fall with disgraces?
 Goe, fall before your new Prince! worship him,
 Fill all your throates with flattery, cry before him
 'Tis he, and onely he, has truly serv'd ye!
 Forget me and the peace I have wrought your Cuntry;
 Bury my memory, raze out my name,
 My forty yeares endeavoures write in dust
 That your great Prince may blow 'em into nothing;
 And on my Monument (you most forgetfull)
 Fling all your scornes, erect an yroon-toothed envy

That she may gnaw the pious stones that hides me.

Vand. Ye are too much mov'd, and now too late ye find, Sir,

How naked and unsafe it is for a long Gowne

To buckle with the violence of an Army.

The Emperour *Traian* challenging a yong man

And a swift runner to try his speed against him,

The Gentleman made answeare sodainely

It was not safe nor fitt te hold contention

With any man comaunded thirtie legions.

You know the Prince and know his noble nature,

I thinck you know his powre, too: of all your wisdomes

This will not show the least nor prove the meanest

In good mens eyes, I thinck, in all that know ye,

To seeke his love: gentle and faire demeanours

Wyn more then blowes and soften stubborne angers.

Let me perswade ye.

Bar. When I am a Sycophant

And a base gleaner from an others favour,

As all you are that halt upon his crutches.

Shame take that smoothnes and that sleeke subjection!

I am myself, as great in good as he is,

As much a master of my Cuntries fortunes,

And one to whom (since I am forced to speak it,

Since mine owne tongue must be my Advocate)

This blinded State that plaies at boe-peep with us,

This wanton State that's weary of hir lovers

And cryes out "Give me younger still and fresher!"

Is bound and so far bound: I found hir naked,

Floung out a dores and starvd, no frends to pittie hir,

The marks of all her miseries upon hir,

An orphan State that no eye smild upon:

And then how carefully I undertooke hir,

How tenderly and lovingly I noursd hir!

But now she is fatt and faire againe and I foold,

A new love in hir armes, my doatings scornd at.

And I must sue to him! be witnes, heaven,

If this poore life were forfeyt to his mercy,
 At such a rate I hold a scornd subiection
 I would not give a penney to redeeme it.
 I have liv'd ever free, onely depended
 Upon the honestie of my faire Actions,
 Nor am I now to studdy how to die soe.

Bred. Take better thoughts.

Bar. They are my first and last,
 The legacie I leave my friends behind me.
 I never knew to flatter, to kneele basely
 And beg from him a smile owes me an honour.
 Ye are wretches, poore starv'd wretches fedd on
 crumbs

That he flings to ye: from your owne aboundaunce
 Wretched and slavish people ye are becom
 That feelee the griping yoak and yet bow to it.
 What is this man, this Prince, this God ye make now,
 But what our hands have molded, wrought to fashion,
 And by our constant labours given a life to?
 And must we fall before him now, adoare him,
 Blow all we can to fill his sailes with greatnes?
 Worship the Image we set up ourselves?
 Put fate into his hand? into his will
 Our lives and fortunes? howle and crye to our owne
 clay

"Be mercifull, ô Prince?" ô, pittied people!
 Base, base, poore patch men! You dare not heare this;
 You have sold your eares to slavery; begon and flatter.
 When ere your politick Prince puttis his hooke into
 my nose

Here must he put his Sword too.

Bred. We lament ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Son.

Son. We are undon, Sir.

Bar. Why?

Son. For certaine perishd.

Utrecht is take in, *Modesbargen* fled,
And *Leidenberge* a Servant to their pleasures, —
A prisoner, Sir.

Bar. Ha!

Son. 'Tis too true.

Bar. A prisoner?

Son. And, some say, has byn tortured, reveald
much,

Even all he knowes. No letters are against ye,
For those he burnt; but they have so much foold him
That his owne tongue—

Bar. He cannot be so boyish.

Son. My goverment of *Barghen* is disposd of;
Their anger now against us all profest,
And in your ruyn all must fall.

Bar. A prisoner!

Modesbargen fledd! I am glad he is scapt their fingers.
Now if the devill had but this *Leidenberge*
I were safe enough. What a dull foole was I,
A stupid foole, to wrap up such a secreat
In a sheepes hart! ô I could teare my flesh now
And beat my leaden braines!

Son. Faith, try the Prince, Sir;
You are at your last.

Bar. Art thou my Son? thou lyest;
I never got a Parasite, a Coward.
I seeke the Prince or bend in base submission!
Ile seeke my grave first. Yf I needes must fall
And that the fatall howre is cast of *Barnavelt*,
Just like a strong demolishd Tower ile totter
And fright the neighbour Cuntries with my murmour.
My ruyns shall reach all: the valiant Soldier,
Whose eies are unacquainted but with anger,
Shall weep for me because I fedd and noursd him;
Princes shall mourne my losse, and this unthanckfull,
Forgetful Cuntry, when I sleepe in ashes,
Shall feele and then confes I was a father. [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 2.

*Enter P. of Orange, William, Bredero, Vandort,
Lords, Collonels, Captaines.*

Bred. Will your Excellence please to sitt?

[*Table: Bell.*

Or. I am proud your Lordships
So willingly restore me to that place
From which the envy of the Advocate
Of late hath forced me. And that you may know,
How ere his mallice live to me, all hatred
Is dead in me to him, I am a Suitour
He may be sent for; for, as *Barnavelt* is
A member of this body politique,
I honour him, and will not scorne to yeild
A strict accompt of all my Actions to him;
And, though my Enemie, while he continues
A friend to his owne fame and loyall to ¹
The State, I love him and shall greive that he,
When he falls from it must deserve my pitty.

Vand. This disposition in your Excellence
Do's well becom you, but would wrong our iudgements
To call one as a partner to these counsailes
That is suspected, and ev'n then when all
His dark designes and deepest purposes
Are to be sifted.

Bred. It were most unfit,
And therefore we entreat your Highnes to ¹
Presse it no further.

Or. My good lords, your pardon;
You are your owne disposers.—Gentlemen,
I shall a while entreat ye to forbear
The trouble that you put upon yourselves
In following me. I can need no defence here,

¹ These weak endings without a pause are characteristic of Massinger.

Being left among these whose grave counsailes ever
 Have lookd out for my safetie. 'Tis your pleasure.
 And therefore I embrace it. [*Exeunt Collonells*
& Captaines.]

Vand. Now, when you please,
 Your Excellence may deliver what you have
 Observ'd concerning the *Arminian* faction,
 What hopes and heads it had, for without question
 It found more favorers, and great ones too,
 Then yet we have discoverd.

Or. My grave Lords,
 That it hath byn my happines to take in,
 And with so litle blood, so many Townes
 That were falne of, is a large recompence
 For all my travell; and I would advise
 That (since ¹ all now sing the sweet tunes of Concord,
 No Sword unsheatht, the meanes to hurt cut off,
 And all their stings pluckd out that would have
 used them

Against the publique peace) we should end here
 And not with labour search for that which will
 Afflict us when 'tis found. Something I know
 That I could wish I nere had understood,
 Which yet if I should speake, as the respect
 And duty that I owe my Cuntry binds me,
 It wilbe thought 'tis rather privat spleene
 Then pious zeale. But that is not the hazard
 Which I would shun: I rather feare the men
 We must offend in this, being great, rich, wise
 Sided with strong frends, trusted with the guard
 Of places most important, will bring forth
 Rather new births of tumult, should they be
 Calld to their Triall, then appease disorder
 In their iust punishment; and in doing Justice
 On three or foure that are delinquents, loose

¹ Massinger is fond of the use of parentheses.

So many thousand innocents that stand firme
 And faithfull patriots. Let us leave them therefore
 To the scourge of their owne consciences: perhaps
 Th' assurance that they are yet undiscovered,
 Because not cyted to their answeare, will
 So work with them hereafter to doe well
 That we shall ioy we sought no farther in it.

Vand. Such mild proceedings in a Government
 New settled, whose maine strength had it's depen-
 daunce

Upon the powre of some perticuler men,
 Might be given way to, but in ours it were
 Unsafe and scandalous: then the *Provinces*
 Have lost their liberties, Justice hir Sword,
 And we prepared a way for our owne ruyn
 When for respect or favour unto any,
 Of what condition soever, we
 Palliat seditions and forbear to call
 Treason by hir owne name.

1 *Lord.* It must not be:
 Such mercie to ourselves were tirranie.

2 *Lord.* Nor are we to consider who they are
 That have offended, but what 's the offence
 And how it should be punishd, to deter
 Others by the example.

Bred. Which we will doe;
 And using that united powre which warrants
 All we thinck fitt, we doe intreat your Highnes
 (For willingly we would not say comaund you),
 As you affect the safetie of the State
 Or to preserve your owne deserved honours
 And never-tainted loyaltie, to make knowne
 All such as are suspected.

Or. I obey you;
 And though I cannot give up certaine proofes
 To point out the delinquents, I will name
 The men the generall voice proclaimes for guiltie.
Modesbargens flight assures him one, nor is

The pentionary of *Rotterdam*,¹ *Grotius*,
 Free from suspition: from *Utrecht* I have brought
 The Secretarie *Leidenberge*, who hath
 Confest alreedy something that will give us
 Light to find out the rest. I would end here
 And leave out *Barnavelt*.

Bred. If he be guiltie
 He's to be nam'd and punishd with the rest

Vand. Upon good evidence, but not till then
 To be comitted.

Will. 'Twer expedient
 That something should be practisd to bring in
Modesbargen. Out of him the truth of all
 May be wroong out.

Bred. The advice is sound and good.

Vand. But with much difficultie to be performd;
 For how to force him out of *Germanie*
 (Whether they say hee's fledd) without a war,
 At least the breaking of that league we have
 Concluded with them, I ingeniously
 Confes my ignoraunce.

Or. Since you approve it,
 Leave that to me.

*Enter Officer.*²

Off. My lord.

Or. Call in the Captaine
 You saw me speake with at the dore.

Off. 'Tis don. [Exit.

Bred. What does your Excellence ayme at?

Or. Have but patience,
 You shall know sodainely.

¹ In the MS. *Leiden* has been corrected into *Rotterdam*.

² The officer was personated by "R. T."

*Enter Capitaine.*¹

Cap. My good Angell keepe me
And turne it to the best. — What am I sent for?

Or. You are wellcom, Capitaine; nay 'tis for your
good

That you are calld for. You are well acquainted
With all the parts of *Germanie*?

Cap. I have livd there.
Most of my time.

Or. But doe you know the Castle
Belonging to *Modesbargens* Aunt or Cosen, —
Which 'tis I know not?

Cap. Very well, my Lord;
A pleasant Cuntry 'tis, and yeilds good hunting.

Bred. And that's a sport *Modesbargens* from his
youth

Was much inclind to.

Or. Wee'll make use of it.
It is of waight that you must undertake,
And does require your secrecie and care.

Cap. In both I wilbe faithfull.

Or. I beleeve you;
And, to confirme it, with all possible speed
I would have you to post thether: from the Borders
Make choice of any horsemen you thinck fitt,
And, when you come there, devide them into parties
And lodge neere to the Castle. Yf *Modesbargens*
Come forth to hunt, or if at any time
You find the draw-bridge up, break in upon him
And willing or unwilling force him hether.
You shall have gold to furnish you, and this don,
Propose your owne rewards, they shalbe graunted.

Cap. Yf I be wanting let my head pay for it;
Ile instantly about it.

Or. Doe, and prosper.

¹ In the right-hand margin we find "Mr. Rice."

Will. What will you do with *Leidenberge*?

Bred. Let him be

Kept safe a while: for *Barnavel*, till we have
Some certaine proofes against him, I hold fitt
He have his libertie, but be suspended
From any place or voice in Court untill
His guilt or innocence appeere.

Vand. I like it.

Lords. We are all of your opinion.

Or. Bring in *Leidenberch*.

Enter Leidenberch, Boy, Guard.

Boy. Doe all theis, father, wayt on you?

Leid. Yes, Boy.

Boy. Indeed I doe not like their Countenaunces;
They looke as if they meant you litle good.
Pray you, put them away.

Leid. Alas, poore inocent,
It is for thee I suffer; for my self
I have set up my rest.

Or. Now, Mounseiur *Leidenberch*,
We send not for you, though your fault deserve it,
To load you with reproote, but to advise you
To make use of the way we have found out
To save your life and honour. You already,
In free confession of your fault, have made
A part of satisfaction; goe on in it,
And you shall find a faire discovery
Of youre fowle purposes and th' agents in 'em
Will wyn more favour from theyr lordships to you
Then any obstinate deniall can doe.

Leid. All that I know I will deliver to you,
And beyond that your Excellence nor their Lordships
Will not, I hope, perswade me.

Vand. In the meane time
You are a prisoner.

Boy. Who? my father?

Bred. Yes, Boy.

Boy. Then I will be a prisoner, too. For heaven sake
Let me goe with him, for theis naughtie men
Will nere wayt on him well. I am usd to undresse
him

When he's to goe to bed, and then read to him
Untill he be a sleepe, and then pray by him:
I will not leave him.

Bred. Why, thou shalt not, Boy.
Goe with thy father.

Boy. You are a good Lord,
Indeed I love you for't and will pray for you.
Come, father; now I must goe too, I care not.
While I am with you, you shall have no hurt,
He be your warrant.

Leid. I have lost myself,
But something I shall doe. [*Exeunt Leid., Boy, Guard.*]

Or. 'Tis time to rise;
And, if your Lordshipps please, we will defer
Our other busines to an other sitting.

Vand. In the meane time wee'll use all honest meanes
To sound the depth of this Confederacie,
In which Heaven's hand direct us and assist us.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 3.

*Enter 2 Captaines.*¹

1 Cap. This is a strange cutting time.

2 Cap. Let 'em cutt deep enough,
They will doe no great cure els. I wonder strangely
They carry such a gentle hand on *Leidenberch*
That any frends come to him.

1 Cap. 'Has confest much,
Beleeve it, and so far they feare him not,

¹ The Captains' parts were taken by "Mr. Rob" and "Mighel."

They would be els more circumspect.

2 *Cap.* Pray ye, tell me,
Is there no further newes of those are fledd, —
I meane those fellow Instruments?

1 *Cap.* None as yet, —
At least divulg'd abroad. But certainly
The wise States are not idle, neither at this time
Do's it concerne their safeties. We shall heare shortly
More of theis monsters.

2 *Cap.* Let's to dynner, Sir;
There we shall heare more newes.

1 *Cap.* Ile beare ye companie. [Exit.

SCÆNA 4.

Enter Barnavelt & Provost.

Bar. And how doth he take his imprisonment,

Mr. Provost?

Pro. A litle discontent, and 't please your Lordship,
And sad as men confind.

Bar. He does not talke much?

Pro. Litle or nothing, Sir.

Bar. Nor wrighte?

Pro. Not any thing,
Yet I have charge to give him those free uses.

Bar. Doe you keep him close?

Pro. Not so close, and 't like your Lordship,
But you may see and speake with him.

Bar. I thanck ye.

Pro. Pray ye give me leave; Ile send him to
your Honour. [Exit.

Bar. Now, *Barnavelt*, thou treadst the subtlest path,
The hardest and the thorniest, most concerns thee,
That ere thy carefull course of life run through:
The Master peece is now a foot, which if it speed
And take but that sure hold I ayme it at,
I make no doubt but once more, like a Comet,
To shine out faire and blaze prodigiously
Even to the ruyn of those men that hate me.

Enter Leidenberch.

—I am sorry for your fortune.

Leid. 'Tis a sad one
And full of burthen, but I must learne to beare it.
How stands your State?

Bar. Upon a ball of yce
That I can neither fix, nor fall with safetie.

Leid. The heaue hand of heaven is now upon us
And we exposd, like bruizd and totterd vessells,
To merciles and cruell Seas to sinck us.

Bar. Our Indiscreations are our euill fortunes,
And nothing sincks us but [our] want of providence.
O you delt coldly, Sir, and too too poorely,
Not like a man fitt to stem tides of dangers,
When you gave way to the Prince to enter *Utrecht*.
There was a blow, a full blow at our fortunes;
And that great indiscreation, that mayne blindnes,
In not providing such a constant Captaine,
One of our owne, to commaund the watch, but suffer
The haughtie *English* to be masters of it, —
This was not well fitting such a wisdom,
Not provident.

Leid. I must confes my errour;
The beastly coldnes of the drowsy Burgers
Put me past all my aymes.

Bar. O, they are sweet Jewells!
He that would put his confidence in Turnops ¹
And pickled Spratts—Come, yet resume your Courage,
Pluck up that leaden hart and looke upon mee;
Modesbargen's fledd, and what we lockt in him
Too far of from their subtile keys to open,
Yf we stand constant now to one another
And in our soules be true.

Leid. That comes too late, Sir,

¹ The Dutch word *knol* signifies both a turnip and a blockhead.

Too late to be redeemd: as I am unfortunate
In all that's gone before, in this —

Bar. What?

Leid. O,

In this, this last and greatest—

Bar. Speake.

Leid. Most miserable.

I have confessd. Now let your eies shoot through me
And if there be a killing anger sinck me.

Bar. Confessd!

Leid. 'Tis done: this traitor tongue has don it,
This coward tongue.

Bar. Confessd!

Leid. He lookes me blind now.

Bar. How I could curse thee, foole, despice
thee, spurne thee,

But thou art a thing not worthie of mine anger.

A frend! a dog: a whore had byn more secreat,

A comon whore a closer Cabinet.

Confest! upon what safety, thou trembling aspyn,

Upon what hope? Is there ought left to buoy us

But our owne confidence? What frends now follow us,

That have the powre to strike of theis misfortunes,

But our owne constant harts? Where were my eies,

My understanding, when I tooke unto me

A fellow of thy falce hart for a frend?

Thy melting mind! foold with a few faire words

Suffer those secreats that concerne thy life,

In the Revealer not to be forgiven too,

To be pluckt from thy childe's hart with a promise,

A nod, a smile! thyself and all thy fortunes

Through thy base feare made subject to example!

Nor will the shott stay there, but with full violence

Run through the rancke of frends, disperse and totter

The best and fairest hopes thy fame was built on.

Leid. What have I done, how am I foold and
cozend!

What shall redeeme me from this Ignoraunce!

Bar. Not any thing thou aymst at, thou art lost:
A most unpittied way thou falst.

Leid. Not one hope
To bring me of? nothing reservd to cleere me
From this cold Ignoraunce?

Bar. But one way left,
But that thy base feare dares not let thee look on;
And that way will I take, though it seeme steepe
And every step stuck with affrights and horrors,
Yet on the end hangs smyling peace and honour,
And I will on.

Leid. Propound and take ¹ me with ye.

Bar. Dye uncompelld, and mock their preparations,
Their envyes and their Justice.

Leid. Dye?

Bar. Dye willingly,
Dye sodainely and bravely: So will I:
Then let 'em sift our Actions from our ashes.
I looke to-morrow to be drawne before 'em;
And doe you thinck, I, that have satt a Judge
And drawne the thred of life to what length I pleasd,
Will now appeare a Prisoner in the same place?
Tarry for such an ebb? No, *Leidenberch*:
The narrowest dore of death I would work through first
Ere I turne Slave to stick their gawdy triumphes.

Leid. Dye, did you say? dye wilfully?

Bar. Dye any way,
Dye in a dreame: he that first gave us honours
Allowes us also safe waies to preserve 'em,
To scape the hands of infamy and tirrany.
We may be our owne Justice: he that loses
His Creadit (deere as life) through doubt or faintness
Is guilty of a doble death, his name dies;
He is onely pious that preserves his heire
His honour when he's dead.

¹ *i. e.* explain to me. (A very common expression).

Leid. 'Tis no great paine.

Bar. 'Tis nothing:

Imagination onely makes it monstrous.

When we are sick we endure a hundred fitts,
This is but one; a hundred waies of torture,
And cry and howle, weary of all about us,
Our frends, allyes, our children teadious to us,
Even our best health is but still sufferance.
One blow, one short peece of an howre dos this,
And this cures all; maintaines no more phisitians,
Restores our memories, and there's the great cure,
Where, if we stay the fatall Sword of Justice,
It moawes the man downe first, and next his fashion,
His living name, his creadit.

Leid. Give me your hand, Sir;

You have put me in a path I will tread strongly;
Redeeme what I have lost, and that so nobely
The world shall yet confes at least I lov'd ye.
How much I smile at now theis peoples mallice!
Dispise their subtle ends, laugh at their Justice!
And what a mightie Prince a constant man is!
How he can set his mind aloft, and looke at
The bussings and the busines of the spightfull,
And crosse when ere he please all their close weavings.
Farwell, my last farwell.

Bar. A long farwell, Sir.

Leid. Our bodies are the earthes, that's their
dyvorsse:

But our imortall names shall twyn togeather.

Bar. Thus tread we backward to our graves;—
but faint not.

Leid. Fooles onely fly their peace: thus I pursue
it. [*Excunt.*

SCÆNA 5.

Enter Grotius & Hogerbeets.

Gro. They have arrested him, *Hogerbeets*?

Hog. Yes;

That you all know, *Grotius*, they did at *Utrich*,
 But since they have with more severitie
 And scorne of us proceeded. Monsieur *Barnauelt*
 Walkes with a thousand eies and guards upon him,
 And has at best a painted libertie;
 Th' Appollogie he wroat so poorely raild at,
 (For answerd at no part a man can call it)
 And all his life and Actions so detracted,
 That he, as I am certainly informed,
 Lookes every howre for worse.

Gro. Come, come, they dare not,
 Or if they should I will not suffer it;
 I that have without dread ever maintaind
 The freedom I was borne to, against all
 That ever have provoakd me, will not feare
 What this old Grave or the new Prince of *Orange*
 Dare undertake beyond this, but will rise up
 And if he lay his hands on *Barnavelst*,
 His Court, our Guift, and where the generall States
 Our equalls sit ile fry¹ about their eares
 And quench it in their blood. What now I speake
 Againe ile speake alowd; let who will tell it,
 I never will fly from it.

Hog. What you purpose
 I will not fly from.

Gro. Back you then to *Leyden*,
 Ile keep at *Roterdam*: there if he fetch me
 Ile nere repent whatever can fall on me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 6.

Enter Leidenberch & Boy.

Boy. Shall I help you to bed, Sir, [*Taper, pen*
& inke: Table.]

Leid. No, my Boy, not yet.

¹ "Fry" has here the unusual sense of "buzz, hiss."

Boy. 'Tis late and I grow sleepe.

Leid. Goe to bed then,
For I must wryte, my Childe.

Boy. I had rather watch, Sir,
If you sitt up, for I know you will wake me.

Leid. Indeed I will not; goe, I have much to doe;
Prethee to bed; I will not waken thee.

Boy. Pray, Sir, leave wryting till to morrow.

Leid. Why, Boy?

Boy. You slept but ill last night, and talkd in
your sleep, too;
Tumbled and tooke no rest.

Leid. I ever doe soe.

Good Boy, to bed; my busines is of waight
And must not be deferrd: good night, sweet Boy.

Boy. My father was not wont to be so kind
To hug me and to kisse me soe.

Leid. Why do'st thou weep?

Boy. I cannot tell, but sure a tendernes,
Whether it be with your kind words unto me
Or what it is, has crept about my hart, Sir,
And such a sodaine heavynes withall, too.

Leid. — Thou bringst fitt mourners for my funerall.

Boy. But why do you weep, father?

Leid. C, my Boy,
Thy teares are dew-drops, sweet as those on roses,
But mine the faint and yron sweatt of sorrow.
Prethee, sweet Child, to bed; good rest dwell with
thee,
And heaven returne a blessing: that's my good Boy.
[Exit boy.]

—How nature rises now and turnes me woman
When most I should be man! Sweet hart, farewell,
Farewell for ever. When we get us children
We then doe give our freedoms up to fortune
And loose that native courage we are borne to.
To dye were nothing, — simply to leave the light;
No more then going to our beds and sleeping;

But to leave all these dearnesses behind us,
These figures of our selves that we call blessings,
Is that which troubles. Can man beget a thing
That shalbe deerer then himself unto him?
—Tush, *Leidenberch*: thinck what thou art to doe;
Not to play *Niobe* weeping ore her Children,
Unles that *Barnaveli* appeere againe
And chide thy dull-cold nature. — He is fast:

[*Son abed.*]

Sleepe on, sweet Child, the whilst thy wretched father
Prepares him to the yron sleepe of death.
Or is death fabled out but terrable
To fright us from it? or rather is there not
Some hid *Hesperides*, some blessed fruites
Moated about with death. Thou soule of *Cato*,
And you brave *Romaine* speritts, famous more
For your true resolutions on yourselves
Then Conquest of the world, behold, and see me
An old man and a gowne man, with as much hast
And gladnes entertaine this steele that meetes me
As ever longing lover did his mistris.

—So, so; yet further; soe.

Boy within. Oh!

Leid. Sure the Boy wakes

And I shalbe prevented.

Boy. Now heaven blesse me.

O me, O me!

Leid. He dreames and starts with frightings.

I bleed apace but cannot fall: tis here;

This will make wider roome. Sleep, gentle Child,

And do not looke upon thy bloody father,

Nor more remember him then fitts thy fortune.

—Now shoot your spightes, now clapp on all your
councells;

Here is a constant frend will not betray me.

I, now I faint; mine eies begin to hunt

For that they have lost for ever, this worldes beutie—

O oh, ô oh! my long sleepe now has ceizd me.

Enter Boy.

Boy. I heard him groane and cry; I heard him fall sure.

O, there he lyes in his owne blood! ô father,
O my deare father, dead and bequeathd no blessing!
Why did I goe to bed, why was I heavy?
O, I will never sleep againe. The house there!
You that are verteous rise! you that have fathers!
Ho, Master *Provost*! ô my dearest father.
Some Surgeons, Surgeons!

Enter Provost & Servts.

Prov. 'Twas the Boyes voice, certaine.

Ser. What bloody sight is this? 'has killd himself:
Dead, stone-cold dead; he needs no art of Surgeons.

Prov. Take of the Boy.

Boy. O let me dwell here even

Prov. This was a fatall stroak, to me a heavy,
For my remissnes wilbe loaden with it.
Bring in the Boy; ile to the State instantly;
Examine all the wounds and keep the knives;
The Boy fast too, — may be he knowes some
circumstance.

Boy. O that I never knew againe.

Prov. In with it.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Captaine¹ and Soldiers.

Cap. Are the Horses left where I appointed 'em,
And all the Soldiers ready?

¹ In the right-hand margin we find "Cap. Jo: R."

Sold. They are all, Capitaine.

Cap. 'Tis well: *Modesbargen* is abroad, for certaine,
Hunting this morning.

Sold. 'Tis most likely, Sir;
For round about the Castle, since the dawning,
We have heard the merry noyse of hornes.

Cap. Dispeirce then,
Except some three or foure to watch the Castle
Least he break in againe. What Company
Have ye discoverd that attends him?

Sold. Few, Sir:
I do not thinck he has five within the fort now
Able to make resistaunce.

Cap. Let 'em be twenty
We are strong enough to fright 'em; and by all
meanes

Let those that stay seek by some trick or other
To make the Bridge good, that they draw it not
If he returne upon us.

Sold. With all care, Sir. [*Exeunt.—Hornes.*]

*Enter Modes-bargen & Huntsmen.*¹

Mod. The doggs have hunted well this dewy
morning,
And made a merry cry.

¹ *Hunt.* The Hare was rotten;²
You should have heard els such a rore, and seene 'em
Make all hir doubles out with such neat hunting
And run at such a merry rate together,

¹ Underneath is written *Migh.* who took the part of *1 Huntsman.*

² "And bycause some Hares by haunting the lowe watrie places do become foule and mesled, such Hares doe never follow the hard ways nor make such pathes to their formes, but use all their subtilties and pollicies by the sides of the Ryvers, brookes and other waters." *Turbervilles Booke of Hunting* (1575), p. 160.

They should have dapled ore your bay with fome, Sir.

Mod. 'Tis very well, and so well I affect it
That I could wish I had nere hunted after
Any delight but this, nor sought more honour.
This is securely safe, drawes on no danger,
Nor is this Chace crost with malignant envy.
How sweatly do I live and laugh upon
The perrills I have past, the plotts and traynes!
And now (methincks) I dare securely looke on
The steepe and desprat follyes my indiscretion
Like a blind careles foole had almost cast me on.
Here I stand saffe 'gainst all their strengths and
Stratagems:

I was a boy, a foole to follow *Barnavelt*,
To step into his attempts, to wedd my freedom
To his most dangerous faction, a meere Coxcomb;
But I have scapd their clawes. — Have ye found
more game?

Enter 2 Huntesmā. ¹

2 Hunt. Beating about to find a new Hare, we
discoverd——

Mod. Discoverd what?

2 Hunt. Horsemen, and't please ye, Sir,
Scowt round about us, and which way still the
doggs went

They made up within view.

Mod. Look't they like Soldiers?

2 Hunt. For certaine they are Soldiers; for if
theis are eyes
I saw their pistolls.

Mod. Many?

2 Hunt. Some half a score, Sir.

Mod. I am betraide: away and raise the Boores up,
Bid 'em deale manfully.

¹ "R. T." took the part.

1 *Hunt.* Take a close way home
And clap your spurs on roundly.

Mod. No place safe for me!

This Prince has long armes, and his kindled anger
A thousand eyes—Make hast and raise the Cuntry.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Captn & Soldiers.

Cap. This was a narrow scape; he was ith' feild,
sure.

Sold. Yes, that was certaine he that ridd of by us,
When we stood close ith' brakes.

Cap. A devill take it!

How are we cozend! pox of our goodly providence!
If he get home or if the Cuntry know it.

Sold. Make haste, he is yet unmand: we may
come time enough

To enter with him. Besides there's this advantage:
They that are left behind, instead of helping
A Boores Cart ore the Bridge, loden with hay,
Have crackt the ax-tree with a trick, and there it stands
And choakes the Bridge from drawing.

Cap. There's some hope yet.

Away and clap on spurs: he shall scape hardly
If none of us salute him. Mounte, mounte. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Modesbargen & Huntresmen.

Mod. Hell take this hay! 'tis set on purpose here!
Fire it and draw the Bridge: clap faggotts on't.
And fire the Cart and all. No Boores come in yet?
Where be your Musketts, Slaves?

Hunt. We have no powder, Sir.

Mod. You have sold me, Rogues, betrayd me:
fire the Cart, I say,
Or heave it into th' Moat.

Hunt. We have not men enough.

Will ye goe in? the Cuntry will rise presently,

And then you shall see, Sir, how wee'll buckle with 'em.

Mod. I see I am undon: the ¹ hay choakes all,
I cannot get beside it.

Enter Captaine & Soldiers.

Cap. Stir not a foote,
For he that do's has mett his preist.—Goe, ceize
his body,
But hurt him not. You must along with us, Sir:
We have an easie nag will swym away with ye,—
You ghesse the cause, I am sure. When you are
ith' saddle once,
Let your Boores loose; we'll show 'em such a haste.
Do not deiect yourself nor rayle at fortune;
They are no helpes: thincke what you have to
answeare.

Mod. Captaine, within this Castle in ready coyne
I have a thousand ducketts: doe me one curtesie,
It shalbe brought out presently.

Cap. What is it?
For I have use of money.

Mod. Doe but shoot me,
Clap both your Pistolls into me.

Cap. No, I thanck ye,
I know a trick worth ten o' that: ile love ye
And bring ye to those men that love to see ye.
Away, away; and keepe your pistolls spand still:
We may be forced.

Mod. I am undon for ever. *[Exeunt.]*

SCÆNA 2.

Enter Orange, Bredero, Vandort.

Bred. Is't possible he should be so far tempted ²

¹ MS. they.

² "Tho: Po:" (*i. e.* Thomas Pollard) is written in the right-hand margin.

To kill himself?

Vand. 'Has don it and most desperately,
Nor could strong nature stay his hand,—his owne
Child

That slept beside him: which shoves him guilty, lords,
More then we suspected.

Or. 'Tis to be feared soe.

And therefore, howsoever I movd your lordships
To a mild and sweet proceeding in this busines,
That nothing might be construde in't malicious
And make the world believe our owne ends wrought it.
Now it concerns ye to put on more strictnes
And with severer eyes to looke into it:
Ye robb yourselves of your owne rightes els, Justice,
And loose those pious names your Cuntries safeties.
And sodainely this must be don and constantly:
The powrs ye hold els wilbe scorn'd & laugh'd at,
And theis unchristian stroakes be laid to your charge.

Bred. Your Grace goes right; but with what
generall safetie

(For ther's the mayne point), if we proceed severely
May this be don? We all know how much followed
And with what swarmes of love this Mounsieur

Barnavel

Is courted all the Cuntry over. Besides, at *Leyden*
We heare how *Hogerbeets* behaves himself,
And how he stirrs the peoples harts against us.
And *Grotius* has byn heard to say, and openly,
(A man of no meane mark nor to be slighted)
That if we durst imprison *Barnavel*

He would fire the Court and State-house, and that
Sacrifize

He would make more glorious with your blood and
ours, Sir.

Vand. All angers are not armd; the lowest
Channell

Runs shallowest, and there betrayes his weaknes:
The deep & silent man threatens the danger.

Or. If they had equall powre to man their wills
 And hope, to fling their miseries upon us,
 I that nere feard an Army in the feild,
 A body of most choice and excellent Soldiers
 And led by Captaines honourd for experience:
 Can I feare them or shake at their poore whispers?
 I that have broke the beds of Mutenies
 And bowde againe to faire obedience
 Those stubborne necks that burst the raynes of order,
 Shall I shrinck now and fall, shot with a rumour?
 No, my good Lords, those vollyes never fright me;
 Yet, not to seeme remisse or sleep secure here,
 I have taken order to prevent their angers;
 I have sent Patents ¹ out for the choicest Companies
 Hether to be remov'd: first, Collonell *Veres*
 From *Dort*; next Sir *Charles Morgans*, a stowt
 Company;
 And last my Cosens, the Count *Ernests* Company:
 With theis I doubt not to make good our busines;
 They shall not find us babes.

Bred. You are nobely provident.

Vand. And now proceed when it please you,
 and what you thinck fit
 We shall subscribe to all.

Or. I thanck your Honours.
 Call in the Captaine of my Guard.

Serv. Hee's here, Sir.

Enter Captaine.

Or. Harck in your eare.

Cap. I shall, Sir.

Or. Doe it wisely
 And without tumult.

Cap. I observe your Grace.

¹ MS. Potents,

Or. Now take your rest, my lords: for what care followes
Leave it to me.

All. We wish it all succes, Sir. [Exeunt.]

SCÆNA 3.

Enter Barnavelt (in his studdy).

Bar. This from the King of *Fraunce*, of much importance,
And this from *Englands* Queene, both mightie Princes
And of imortall memories: here the Rewards sett, —
They lou'd me both. The King of *Swechland* this,
About a Truyce; his bounty, too. What's this?
From the Elector Palatine of *Brandenburge*,
To doe him faire and acceptable offices:
I did so; a rich iewell and a chaine he sent me.
The Count of *Solems*, and this from his faire Countess
About compounding of a busines:
I did it and I had their thancks. Count *Bentham*,
The Archbishop of *Cullen*, Duke of *Brunswick*,
Grave *Emlden*: theis from Citties, theis from Pro-
vinces;
Petitions theis; theis from the States for places.
Have I held correspondence with theis Princes,
And had their loves, the molding of their busines,
Trusted with their most secreat purposes?
Of every State acquainted with the misteries?
And must I stick here now, stick unreleevd, too?
Must all theis glories vanish into darknes,
And *Barnavelt* passe with 'em and glide away
Like a spent exhalation? I cannot hold;
I am crackt too deepe alreedy. What have I don
I cannot answeare? Foole remember not
Fame has too many eares and eyes to find thee!
What help, ô miserable man? none left thee.
What constant frends? 'tis now a cryme to know thee
. be death,

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lady would entreat, Sir——

Bar. My head? What art thou? from whom sent?

Serv. Heaven blesse me!

Bar. Are they so greedy of my blood? — O, pardon me:

I know thee now; thou art my honest Servant.
What would thy Lady?

Serv. Your Company to supper, Sir.

Bar. I cannot eate; I am full alreedy, tell hir:
Bid hir sitt downe: full, full, too full. [*Exit Serv.*

My thancks

Poyzd equally with those faire services
I have done the States, I should walk confidently
Upon this high-straind danger. O, this end swayes me,
A heavy bad opinion is fixt here
That pulls me of; and I must downe for ever.

Enter Daughter. ¹

Daught. Sir, will it please ye——

Bar. Ha!

Daught. Will it please ye, Sir——

Bar. Please me! what please me? — that I send
thee, Girle,

To some of my great Masters to beg for me.
Didst thou meane so?

Daught. I meane, Sir——

Bar. Thou art too charitable
To prostitute thy beutie to relieve me;
With thy soft kisses to redeeme from fetters
The stubborne fortune of thy wretched father.

Daught. I understand ye not.

Bar. I hope thou do'st not.

Daught. My Lady Mother, Sir ——

¹ The part was taken by "G. Lowen."

Bar. Prethee, good Girle,
Be not so cruell to thy aged father
To some up all his miseries before him.

Daught. I come, Sir, to entreat your Company.

Bar. I am not alone.

Daught. My Mother will not eate, Sir.

—What fitt is this!

Bar. There can be not attonement:

I know the Prince: *Vandort* is fleshd upon me,
And *Bredero*, though he be of noble nature,
Dare not step in. Wher's my Son *William*?
His Government is gon, too; and the Soldier,
O, the falce Soldier! What! wouldst thou have a
husband?

Goe, marry an English Captaine, ank hee'll teach
thee

How to defy thy father and his fortune. —

I cannot eate; I have no stomach, Girle.

Daught. Good Sir, be patient.

Bar. No news from *Grotius*?

No flow of frends there? *Hoger-beets* lye still,
too?

—Away: ile come anon.

Daught. Now heaven preserve ye! [Exit.

Bar. A gentle Girle: why should not I pray, too?
I had nere more need. When I am sett and gon,
What understanding can they stick up then
To fill the place I bore? None, not a man:
To traffick with Great Princes? none: to deale
With all the troubles of the war? None, certaine,
no man:

To bring in daylie treasure? I know no man;
They cannot pick a man made up to serve 'em.
Why should I feare then? doubt, and fly before
Myne owne weake thoughts? — Art thou there
too?

Enter Wife¹ and Daughter.

Wife. Fy, fy, Sir:

Why do you suffer theis sad dead retirements
To choake your speritts? You have studied long
enough

To serve the uses of those men that scorne ye;
'Tis time you take your ease now.

Bar. I shall shortly;
An everlasting ease, I hope.

Wife. Why weep ye,
My deere Sir? speak.

Bar. Never till now unhappie!
Thy fruit there and my fall ripen together
And fortune gives me heires of my disgraces.

Wife. Take nobler thoughts.

Bar. What will becom of thee, Wiffe,
When I am gon? When they have gorgd their envies
With what I have, what honest hand in pittie
Will powre out to thy wants? What noble eye
Will looke upon my Children strooke with miserie
And say 'you had a father that I honourd;
For his sake be my Brothers and my Sisters.'

Wife. There cannot be such crueltie.

Bar. I hope not;
Yet what so confident Sailour that heares the Sea rore,
The winds sing lowd and dreadfull, the day darkend,
But he will cry 'a storme'! downe with his Canvas
And hull, expecting of that horrid feavour?

Enter Son.

—How now? What newes?

Son. Plucke up your hart, Sir, fairely

¹ The Wife's part was taken by "Nich", who may possibly be (as Mr. Fleay suggests) Nicholas Tooley; but I suspect that a younger actor than Tooley would have been chosen for the part.

And wither not away thus poorely from us;
Be now secure: the myst ye feard is vanishd, —
Leidenberch's dead.

Bar. Dead?

Son. Killd himself; his owne hand
Most bravely was his Justice; nor left behind him
One peece of paper to dishonour ye.
They are all to seeke now for their Accusations.

Bar. And is he dead? so timely, too? so truly?
Speak't againe, *Will*?

Son. Hee's dead, Sir, if I live here.

Bar. And his owne hand?

Son. His hand and will performd it.

Bar. Give me some wyne. I find now, notwithstanding

[*Enter Servant with wine.*]

The opposition of those mindes that hate me,
A wise-man spyns his owne fate and secures it.
Nor can I, that have powre to perswade men dye,
Want living frends to iustifie my Creadit.

Goe in and get me meat now; invyte my frends,
I am determind to be high and merry.

Thou hast lost thy Charge; wee'll have another, *Will*;
It shall goe hard els. The Prince of *Orange* now
Will find what frends I have, and of what reckning;
And when he seekes this life, he must make passage
Through thousands more and those he little dreames of.

Son. I wonder how he got that speritt, Sir, to
dye soe?

Bar. He was a weak man, indeed, but he has
redeemd it:

There be some other I could wish of his mind.
Do'st thinck they dare doe any thing now.

Son. Troth, I thinck not, Sir.

Bar. No, Boy, I warrant thee; they make great
soundes,

But mark what followes. Prethee, let's be merry.
I want it much.

Son. I am glad to see you so, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Bar. I cannot be above two daies from Councell,
I know their wants. How now, what haste?

Serv. O, Sir, ye are undone;
We have lost ye.

Bar. Ha!

Serv. For ever lost ye.

Bar. Why?

[*Serv.*] The Captaine of the Guard, the Princes
Captaine—

Bar. Where? how?

Enter Wife & Daughter.

Serv. Is broken in now upon us.

Wife. He will not be denyde. O, my deare Husband!

The cruell Princes Captaine! [*Captaine within.*]

Cap. Ope the dore;

Wee'll force it els, and all that dare resist us

Wee'll put to th' Sword.

Bar. Open the dore: farewell, Wiffe;
Goe to the French Embassadour presently;
There's all my hope. To him make knowne my
misery,
Wooe him with teares, with praires: this kisse; be
happie.

Wife. O, we shall never see ye more!

[*Exeunt Wife and Daughter.*]

Enter Captaine & others.

Bar. Away!—

You Instrument of blood, why doe ye seeke us?
I have knowne the day you have wayted like a
suppliant
And those knees bended as I past. Is there no
reverence

Belonging to me left now, that like a Ruffian
 Rudely ye force my lodgings? No punishment
 Due to a cryme of that fowle nature?

Cap. You must pardon me,
 I have comission, Sir, for what I offer,
 And from those men that are your Masters, too;
 At least you'll find 'em soe. You must shift your
 lodging,

And presently: I have a charge to see ye
 Yeild yourself quietly.

Bar. Goe and tell their Lordships
 I will attend to-morrow. I know my time
 And how to meet their mallice without guards.
 This is the Prince, the cruell Prince your Master,
 The thirstie Prince of this poore Life.

Cap. Be not vext;
 That will not help ye, Sir.

Bar. I wilbe vext,
 And such an anger I will fling amongst 'em
 Shall shake the servile soules of these poore wretches
 That stick his slight deservings above mine.
 I charge ye draw your Guard off and disperse 'em:
 I have a powre as full as theirs.

Cap. You'll find not;
 And I must have ye with me.

Bar. And am I subiect
 That have stood the brunt of all their busines,
 And when they slept watcht to secure their slombers,—
 Subiect to slights, to scornes, to taynts, to tortures?
 To feed one privat mallice am I betrayd?
 Myne age, myne honour and my honest dealing
 Sold to the hangmans Sword?

Cap. I cannot stay.

Bar. Take me
 And glory in my blood, you most ungratefull;
 Feed your long bloody hopes and bath your angers
 In *Barnavelts* deservings; share my Services;
 Let it be death to pittie me; to speak well of me,

The ruyn of whole families. When I am gon
 And angry war againe shall ceize your Cuntry,
 Too late remember then and curse your follyes.
 —I am ready. Farwell, Son; remember me
 But not my fortune; let them cry that shall want me.
Cap. No man come neere on paine of death:
 away with him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCÆNA 4.

*Enter Orange & I Capitaine.*¹

Cap. And as I told your Highnes, so wee tooke him.

Or. 'Twas with discretion and valour followd.
 You were not noted as you made entraunce
 Into the *Hague*?

Cap. No, Sir; 'twas about midnight,
 And few were stirring but the Guard.

Or. The better.

Let his being brought in be still conceald, and tell him
 If uncompeld he will confes the truth
 At *Barnavelts* Arraignement, that all favour
 That I can wyn him shall prepare a way
 To quallifie his fault.

Cap. Ile work him to it
 And doubt not.

Enter Burgers & Women with bowghs & flowres.

Cap. 'Tis *Kramis*²-time,
 In which it is a custome with the people
 To deck their dores with Garlonds, Bowghes, and
 flowres
 That are most gracious.

Or. I remember.

—Stand close.

¹ "Jo: Rice" took the part.

² A corruption of Dutch *kermis* (the annual fair).

[1] *Burg.* Strew, strew: more Garlonds and more Flowres.

Up with the Bowghes! Sacramant, I will have
My noble frends house, Mounseiur *Barnavelts*,
As well dect as his Excellencies Court,
For though they have got him in prison he deserves
As well as any.

Cap. Mark you that.

2 *Burg.* 'Tis said
They will cutt of his head.

1 *Burg.* Much! ¹ with a Cusshin!
They know he has too many frends.

[2] *Burg.* They dare not.
People will talke: I hope ere long to see him
As great as ever.

[1] *Burg.* Greater too, I doubt not,
And of more powre; his feet upon the necks
Of all his Enemies.

Or. I am glad I heard this;
And *Barnavelts* shall feele I will make use of't.
Come; follow me. [Exeunt.]

[2] *Burg.* So, now the merry Song
We made for his good Lady. Lustique, ² hoa! [Song.]

Enter Wife above.

Wife. All thancks, kind frends, that a sad house
can give ye
Pray you receive; for I rest well assur'd,
Though theis sports are unseasonable here,
The testifie your loves; and, if my Lord
Ere live to be himself againe, I know
He will remember it.

¹ An ironical expression (very common) of denial or astonishment.

² Sc. merrily (Dutch *lustig*). "Lustick, as the Dutchman says." — *All's Well*, II. 3.

[1] *Burg.* Now for the Daunce, Boyes.

Wife. Ther's something for your paines: drinck it, I pray.

[2] *Burg.* To a doyt, my vroa, to thy Lords health and thyne.

The Bree ¹ for his Excellencie and the Heeres
That love him not. Ten hundred thousand blessings
To him and thee, my vroa. [Daunce.

Wife. I thanck you, frend. [Exeunt.

SCENA 5.

Enter Orange, Bredero, Vandort, William, Lords.

[Table.

Vand. Let him be sent for presently: he shall know, [A Bar brought in.

Were he ten times more popular, his frends
And flatterers Centuple, the Sword of Justice
Shall fall on him as on the meanest man
Since he deserves it.

Enter Provost, Captaines & Guard with Barnavelt.

Pro. Make roome for the Prisoner.

Bar. My dutie to your Highnes and theis Princes
And an increase of wisdom to your Lordships,
For which the world admires you, I wish to you.
Alas, what trouble do's a weake old man,
(That is, being out of all employment, useles)
The bag of his deserts, too, cast behind you,
Impose upon this Senat? My poore life
(Which others envy makes your Instruments
To fight against) will hardly be a Conquest
Worthie such great performers.

Vand. Mounseieur Barnavelt,

¹ A corruption of Dutch *bfui*. The meaning is "A plague on his Excellencie!"

'Tis no mans envy that hath brought us hether
 To sitt as Judges on you, but your owne.
 Your owne late actions they have raied a war
 Against your former merrits, and defeated
 What ever then was ranckt for good and great,
 For which your Enemies, those that you thought frends,
 Triumph, not wee.

Bre. We rather wish you could
 Acquitt yourself of that for which we have
 Too evident proofes, then labour to intrap you.

Bar. I must beleeeve and suffer whatsoever
 Your Lordships charge me with: yet would gladly heare
 What my faultes are.

Vand. Read the Confessions
 Of *Leidenberch* and *Taurinus*.

Bar. Leidenberch!

Officer reads. First, that the *Arminian* faction
 (of which Sir *John Van Olden Barnavel*, late Ad-
 vocate of *Holland* and *West Frizeland* and Coun-
 cellor of State, was without contradiction the head)
 had resolved and agreed to renounce and break the
 generallity and unitie of the State.

Secondly, Change and alter the Religion, and to
 that end, without the Consent of the Generall
 States, had rayed up and dispeirsd 3000 *Arminian*
 Soldiers.

Thirdly, To degrade the Prince of *Orange*.

Fourthly, To massacre the people of the Townes
 which were their greatest Enemies or offered resis-
 taunce.

Fiftly, yf that fayled, to take in assistaunce of
 some forreigne Potentates, as *Spaine* or *Brabant*,
 delivering unto them *Utrecht*, *Numweghen*, *Bergen*
op Zone, and the *Brill*—

Bar. And that, with others, this was *Barnavel*
 purpose?

For so your Lordships take it.

Bred. With good reason.

Vand. Too many and strong proofes invyting us
To creadit it.

Bar. Yf you will have them such,
All truth I can bring to dyvert your Lordships
From your determinate opinion that way
Will not remove them. Yet 'tis strange that man
Should labour to devide those Generall States
That had no weak hand in unyting them, —
That *Barnavelt* (a name you have remembered
When you have thought by whom you were mad
happie) —

That *Barnavelt* (alowd I dare repeat it),
Who, when there was Combustion in the State,
Your Excellence, Grave *William* and Count *Henrie*,
Taking instructions for your Comaunds
From one that then ruld all; the Provinces
Refusing to bring in their Contributions
And arguing whether the West *Frizelander*
And *Hollander* had powre to raise such Tribut,
When many of the Governours stood ill
Affected to you, all our Garrisons
Not sworne then to the Generall States but others,
Which the promiscuous multitude gladly followed:
When *Graves* and *Vendloe* were held by the *Spaniard*
And *Nunweghen* with violence assaulted,
Confusion with one greedy gripe being ready
To seaze on all; then when the *Shuice* was lost
And all in muteny at *Midleborough*,
Who then rose up or durst step in before me
To do these Cuntries service? Who then labourd
More then the now suspected *Barnavelt*
T' appease seditions and compound all Quarrells?
Who pacified the Malcontents? Who taught you
To stand upon your Guards and trust yourselves?
O, you forgettfull, all this I performd
And in the golden fagot of faire Concord
Bound safely up those strengthes which Mutenies
Corruption and homebred Traitors scatterd.

Vand. This is a point you often choose to treat of,
 And yet some part of theis good services
 None will deny you.

Or. But to ingrosse all
 Would argue me your ward, should I give way
 too't,

And these grave Lords your Schollers.

Bar. In the Art
 Of Government they scornd not once to be soe,
 Nor you to give me hearing: and if ever
 'Twer lawful th' unthanckfull men t' upbraid
 Unequall benefitts, let it not in me
 Be now held glorious if I speake my best.
 I have five times in regall Embassies
 Byn sent the principall Agent for theis Cuntries,
 And for your good have spoken face to face
 With mightie Kings: twyce with that virgin Queene,
 Our Patronesse of happie memory,
Elizabeth of England; twyce in Fraunce
 With that invincible King that worthely
 (Though dead) is still'd the *Great, Henry the fourth;*
 Once with the King of *Britaine* that now is:
 Yet let my greatest Enemy name the least
 Of theis so high Imployments in which I
 Treated without advantage, and returnd not
 With proffitt, as with honour, to my Cuntry,
 And let me fall beneath the worst aspersion
 His mallice can throw on me. Besides Soldiers
 So often levied by my meanes for you,
 Which to particularize were teadious,
 Two millions and five hundred thousand pounds,
 For which the Provinces stood bound, I wrought
 Freely to be dischargd; the Townes they pawnd
 To be deliverd up; and after all
 Theis meritorious and prosperous travells
 T' unyte theis States, can *Barnavelt* be suspected
 To be the authour to undoe that knot

Which with such toyle he fastend. ¹

Or. Pawse, I beseech you,
And wile you gather breath to fill the Trumpet
Of your deserts give me leave to deliver
A litle for the States and mine owne honour.
We have heard a glorious Catalogue of your vertues
But not one vice or slip of yours rememberd;
But I will help your memory: — who was he
That gave intelligence of my sodaine coming
To surprize *Antwerpe*? They that brought the Letters
Were knowne and but from you could have no notice
Of any such design. Who hinderd me
From rescuing of *Rheinberch* in the last Seige?
Who warranted the yeilding of it up
Without necessitie to the Governour?
Who was the cause no greater powre was sent
Against the Enemie when he past the Rhine
And tooke the Townes of *Oldensell, Lingen, Groll*?
To thinck of this would give a litle vent
To the windy bladder of your vanitie
Which you have blowne to an unlymittted vastnes.
Your Insolence to me before the Battaile
Of *Flaunders* I forget. ² —
Call in *Modesbargen*.

Bar. [aside ³] He a prisoner, too!
Then I am lost.

Enter Capitaine with Modesbargen.

Or. Ha! do's that startle you?

Bar. [aside ³] I must collect myself.

¹ In the MS. follow two and a half lines, spoken by *Vandort*, and a speech of *Barnavelt's*, twenty-four lines long. These were cancelled on revision. I have succeeded in reading some of the lines; and perhaps after a keener scrutiny the whole passage might become legible. But I have no doubt that the lines were cancelled by the author himself (*Massinger*?) in order to shorten the scene.

² Nearly forty lines of dialogue that follow are cancelled in the MS., in order to shorten the scene.

³ Not marked in MS.

Or. You shall heare more.

Modesb. O, Mounseieur *Barnavelt*, do we meet thus?
I am as sorry to behold you there
As know myself a Prisoner. Now you perceive
To what a desperate state your headlong Counsell
And rash designs have brought us: to stand out now
Were to no purpose, for, alas, they have
Too pregnant proofes against us.

Bar. You that feele
The horreur of fowle guilt in your falce bosom
Confes yourself soe; my strong Innocence
To the death stands constant.

Or. Take *Modesbargen* in. [*Ex. Cap. ani Modesb.*]

Vand. This is an impudence I never read of.
But now wee'll show thee, miserable man,
Such further proofes as would call up a blush
Upon the devills cheek. Looke upon this,
Signd by the Governor, Chauncellor and Counsell
Of *Gilderland* and *Zutphen*, who here name thee
The roote and head of the late Schisme.

Bred. And this.
Sent from the Lords of *Utrecht*, where 'tis prov'd
That the new Companies were raisd by you,
And to what purpose.

William. To subvert Religion,
To deface Justice and to breake the union
And holly League betweene the *Provinces*.

[*Henry.* ¹ The Proclamations are allowd by you
Sent forth against the Protestants; and here
Your resolution to degrade my Brother
And then dispose of him as you thought fitt.]

Vand. Your plott here to withdraw all the old
Soldiers
From the Comandement of the States, and wyn them
To serve for your ends in a Civill war.

¹ This passage is marked in pencil, as for omission, in the MS.

Bred. To raise up Cittizen against Cittizen,
Stranger against stranger, Soldier against Soldier,
And Maiestrates against the Maiestrates.

Or. To waste the Land within that with lesse danger
The forraigne Enemy might make his entraunce.
Yf then this be not treacherie beyond
All presidents of Traitours—

Bar. Give me Leave
Onely to smile, then say all theis are falce,
Your witnesses subornd, your testimonies
And wrytings forgd, and this elaborate forme
Of Justice to delude the world a cover
For future practises: this I affirme
Upon my soule.¹ Now when you please condempne me:
I will not use one sillable for your mercy
To have mine age renewd and once againe
To see a second triumph of my glories.
You rise, and I grow tedious; let me take
My farwell of you yet, and at the place
Where I have oft byn heard; and, as my life
Was ever fertile of good counsell for you,
It shall not be in the last moment barren.
Octavius,² when he did affect the Empire
And strove to tread upon the neck of *Rome*
And all hir ancient freedoms, tooke that course³
That now is practisd on you; for the *Catos*
And all free sperritts slaine or els proscribd
That durst have stir'd against him, he then sceasd
The absolute rule of all. You can apply this:⁴

¹ The words "Upon my soule" are crossed through in the MS.

² This line and the eleven lines following are marked for omission in the MS.

³ The words "tooke that course That now is practisd on you" are crossed through in the MS., and "cutt of his opposites" substituted in the right-hand margin.

⁴ In the MS. the words "you can apply this" are crossed through.

And here I prophecie I, that have lyvd
 And dye a free man, shall when I am ashes
 Be sensible of your groanes and wishes for me;
 And when too late you see this Government
 Changd to a Monarchie¹ youll howle in vaine
 And wish you had a *Barnavek* againe.
 Now lead me where you will: a speedy Sentence:
 I am ready for it and 'tis all I ask you. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus.

SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Wife, Daughter, Servant with Peares.

Wife. Denyde to see my Husband! ô you Tirants!
 And (to increase my misery) in vaine
 By heaven I kneeld for't, wept and kneeld in vaine
 To such as would, while *Barnavek* was himself—
 But why do I remember that word 'was,'
 That never happie word of 'was.'

Serv. Good Madam,
 Beare (with your usuall wisdom) what is not
 In you to help. The strict guard's kept upon him;
 His State ceizd on; my Lord your Son disgracd, too,
 And all your frends suspected, may assure you
 No price beneath his head must answeare for him.

Daughter. But is he not alredy dead?

Wife. I, I,
 There lyes my feare.

Serv. I sweare to you I saw him
 Not many howres since, and hundreds more;

¹ The words "to a Monarchie" are corrected in the MS.
 "to another forme."

But yet, as one that's bound to honour him,
 I had rather have had assurance of his death
 Than sò to have seen him.

Both. Why?

Serv. I have followd him.

When every step he made met a Petition,
 And these, that are his Judges now, like Clyents
 Have wayted on him. The whole Court attended
 When he was pleasd to speake, and, with such
 murmours

As glad Spectators in a Theater
 Grace their best Actors with, they ever heard him;
 When to have had a sight of him was held
 A prosperous omen; when no eye gazd on him
 That was not filld with admiration, not
 As now with scorne or pittie. His rude Guard,
 For prooffe that they contempne all such as ayme
 Or hope for his release (as if he were
 Some prodigie or monster), each night show him
 To such as greive his fortune, which must be
 To him worse then ten thousand deaths made
 horrid

With all the actes of Crueltie.

Daught. I have hope yet
 To see an alteration.

Wife. My good Servant,
 He has som frends left yet and powerfull ones
 That can doe more then weepe for him as we doe;
 Those I will strayt sollicite. In the meane time,
 That to his comfort he may know so much,
 Endeavour thou to have this simple present
 As from thy self sent to him.

Serv. I will hazard
 All that can fall upon me to effect it.

[*Exeunt* ¹ *Wife and Daughter.*]

¹ Not marked in MS.

Enter Provost & Guard.

Pro. What makes this fellow here? Whether would ye, Sir?

Serv. Sir, to desire accesse unto my Lord Were to ask that I know must be denide,
And therefore I forbear it; but intreating
What cannot wrong you in the graunt, I hope
To find you curteous.

Pro. What's the Suit?

Serv. This onely:

My Lord, your prisoner, for my service gave me
A poore house with an Orchard in the Cuntry.
The fruites of which he did not scorne to taste of
In th' height of his prosperitie; but of all
That pleasd his pallat there was one faire tree,
On which theis Peares grew, which by his appointment
Were still reservd for him, and as a Rent
Due for my Living I stood bound to tender.
Theis, yf you please, the last I shall pay to him,
I would present him with, by what Attorney
Your goodnes shall prescribe me.

Prov. They are faire Peares,
Exceeding faire ones: ile make bold with one,
The rest beare to him.

Serv. [aside ¹] All wilbe discoverd,
I am glad I am got off, yet. [Exit.

Enter Provosts Wife. ²

Prov. What make you here?
Do you come to traile a pike or use a Musket?
Wife. For neither, Sir; I came to see you.

Pro. Home!
Th'is is no place for women. To your Gossips!

¹ Not marked in MS.

² T[homas] Holc[ombe] took the part.

This burthen would become a Chamber better.

Wife. 'Tis a faire Peare.

Prov. You long for't: pray you take it,
You are priviledgd now to beg. — Ha! charmas
in't? stay,

Give mee't. I would not for a thousand dollars
This had byn undiscoverd. Pray you goe home;
At night ile see you.

Wife. You know my obedience
And I must practise it.

Prov. Make out for the fellow
That came with this device. 'Twas queintly carried:
The stalke pluckt cleanly out, and in the quill
This scroll conveyd. What ere it be the Prince
Shall instantly peruse it.

Enter Orange, Wm., Vandort, Bredero.

Or. How came you by this?

Prov. I intercepted it in a dish of Peares
Brought by a man of *Barnavelts*, but sent to him
From some of better ranck.

Or. See what is written here, —

'You have frends left and therefore, Sir, dispaire not.'

Vand. 'Tis this that feeds his Insolence, theis
are they

That, when they should have paid their prairs for him
As for a guilty man, adoarnd his house
In the dispiht of us and of our Justice.

Bred. But such shall find their flattering breath
but makes
The fire, our Cuntries safetie byds us cherish,
To burne with greater heate.

Vand. And so consume him.

Or. The freedom of our goverment, and our honours,
And what we dare doe now liest at the stake.
The better part of all the christian world
Marks our proceedings, and it wilbe said,

Yf having the Conspirators in our powre
 We sentence none of them, being convinced, too,
 Of fowre and thirtie Articles and each treason,
 'Tis don for feare. Then, to affright the rest,
 I hold it fitt that *Barnavel*, one that has
 Most frends and meanes to hurt, and will fall
 therefore

With greater terror, should receive his Sentence,
 Then dye as he deserves. For *Modesbargen*
 And *Hogerbeets* we shall find fitt time to
 Thinck of them hereafter.

Bred. Let him be sent for.

Vand. In the meane time 'tis fit we should give
 hearing
 To the *French* Embassadors, who, I know, come now
 To mediat for him.

Bred. Wayt upon them in:
 Their Propositions shalbe answeard freely,
 And by such men as are their frends, not Servants.

Enter Boisisse, Morier, Wife, Daughter, Attendants.

Boi. ¹ We will plead for him and prevaile, we
 doubt not.

Take comfort therefore, Madam, and a while,
 Since you are not to be admitted here,
 Leave us to our endeavors.

Wife. Heaven direct
 And prosper theis your charitable traviles.
 [*Exeunt Wife & Daughter.*

Or. Bring Chaires there for their Lordships.
 [*2 Chaires.*

Vand. ² And prepare them
 A sylent hearing.

¹ "Mr. Rob." took the part.

² In the right hand margin we find the actor's name,
 "Mr. Bir.," i. e. Bir[ch].

Bois. My good Lords,
 We are comāunded by the King our Master
 (Who ever hath respected your affaires
 As the tranquility of his owne kingdoms)
 To let you thus far understand his pleasure:
 He do's exhort you, as the best foundation
 Of your estate, with all care to preserve
 The union of your provinces, and wishes
 The change that you have made of Maiestrates,
 The Advocate and Counsellors of State
 In many of your Townes, breed not dissentions
 In steed of ceasing them. Touching your Prisoners
 That stand accusd of detestable Crymes,
 His Counsaile is, if they be culpable,
 That you use speedy Justice and with rigour.

Mor. Ever remembering that the greatest Princes
 Have sometimes to their glory byn most apt
 To pardon what was enterprizd against
 Their Goverments, nay their lives; and that the freest
 And the best Comon-Wealthes, have alwaies usd
 To spare the blood of their owne Cittizens,
 And that in great offenders—it still being
 The principall signe of libertie and freedom
 Not easily, but with mature advice,
 To touch the lives of Cittizens.

Bois. And the rather
 When question is made of such as are
 Your officers placed in authoritie,
 Of whom the ancientst Mounsieur *Barnavelt*,
 So much comēded for so many good
 And notable services don for theis Cuntries,
 Deserves most serious regard. My Master
 And other Kings & Princes your allyes,
 Lyving yet witnesses of his great meritts
 And with such admiration that they can
 Be hardly brought to thinck he should conspire
 Against these States, for which yourselves best know
 What travayles he hath undergon; and therefore

Once more he do's advice you to use mercy,
Which if you doe, he then shall thinck you merit
The many favours you have tasted from him:
Yf not, he having given you whollsom Counsaile,
Yf you refuse it he must thinck himself
Slighted in his requests; and then, perhaps,
Hereafter you may misse that promptnes in him
Which you have found when your wants most
requird it.

Vand. May it please your Highnes in the names
of all

To make their Lordships answear.

Or. Willingly;

For I must still be glad to take occasion
To speak how much your Lordships and myself
Ever stand bound to that most christian King
Whose favours, with all thancks, we must acknowledge
As with all care preserve. Onely we hope
His Maiestie will give us leave to say
We greive that he is misinformd of us
And our proceedings, of which we hereafter
Will give him certaine and unanswerable proofes
To iustefie our Actions, which we will
Make knowne to all the world; till when we wish
He will be pleasd to give way to the States
To finish what they have begon, with Justice
Temperd with mercy; and that your good Lordships
Will give his Grace to understand thus much,
If with the generall voice you doe approve it.

Bred. We will confirme it with our generall Seale,
And send our answear to his Propositions
With our respect and duties.

Mor. This we shall
Make knowne unto him.

Or. Roome there for their Lordships.

[*Ext. Embr.*

Bred. What thinck you now, my Lords?

Vand. In my opinion

'Tis time he had his Sentence!

Wm. Is it drawne?

Vand. Yes, here it is. The peoples loves grow dangerous;

In every place the whispers of his rescue;
The lowd and comon voice of his deservings
Is floong abroad. Nor doe they handle theis things
By rules of truth and reason, but their owne wills—
Their headstrong hott affections.

Bred. Is he sent for?

Or. Yes and will presently be here.

Bred. Sit downe then,
And now with speedy Justice let's prepare
To cutt off this Imposthume.

Enter Provost & Guard, with Barnavel.

Vand. 'Tis high time, Sir.

Prov. Roome for the Prisoner!

Vand. Bring him in; Sit downe, Sir,
And take your last place with us.

Bar. 'Tis your forme
And I infringe no order.

Bred. Mounseieur *Barnavel*,
Will ye confes yet freely your bad practises
And lay those Instruments open to the World,
Those bloody and bold Instruments you wrought by?
Mercy may sleepe awhile but never dyes, Sir.

Bar. I have spoake all I can, and seald that all
With all I have to care for now, my Conscience.
More I beseech your honours——

Or. Take your pleasure.

Vand. You will give us no more lights: What this
world gives you,
To morrow thus we take away. Receive it.

Bar. My Sentence?

Vand. Yes; consider for your soule now,
And so farewell.

Bar. I humbly thanck your honours:
I shall not play my last Act worst.

Bred. Heavens mercy
And a still conscience wayt upon your end, Sir.

Or. Now guard him back againe: by the break of day
You shall have order from us.

Prov. Roome for the Prisoner!— [*Ext. Provost
and Guard, with Barnavel.*]

Or. The world shall know that what's iust we
dare doe

Vand. Nor shall the desperate act of *Leidenberch*
Delude what we determind. Let his Coffin
Be therefore hangd up on the publique Gallows.
Th' Executioners like hungry vultures
Have smelld out their imployment.

Or. Let them have it:
And all that plot against the generall good
Learne from this mans example, great in age,
Greater in wealth and in authoritie,
But matchles in his worldly pollicie,
That there is one above that do's deride
The wisest counsailes that are misaplide. [*Excunt.*]

SCÆNA 2.

Enter Harlem, Leyden & Utrecht Executioners.

Har. Now hard and sharpe, for a wager, who
shall doe it. Here's a Sword would doe a man's
head good to be cut of with it; cures all rhumes,
all Catharres, megroomes, verteeagoes: presto, be gone!

Ley. You must not carry it, *Harlem*; you are a
pretty fellow and lop the lyne of life well, but
weake to *Baltazar*. Give roome for *Leyden*: heer's
an old Cutter, heer's one has polld more pates and
neater then a dicker,¹ of your Barbers; they nere

¹ "The quantity of ten of any commodity; as a *dicker*

need washing after. Do's not thy neck itch now
to be scratchd a little with this?

Har. No, in truth do's it not; but if you'll try
first, yf I doe not whip your dodipoll as clenly
of and set it on againe as handsomely as it stands
now, that you may blow your nose and pledge
me too Cans after——

Ley. I was afraid
The rogue had don't indeed.

Utr. You two imagine now
You are excellent workmen and that you can doe
wonders,
And *Utrecht* but an *Asse*. Let's feele your Raizors:
Handsawes, meere handsawes! Do you put your
knees to 'em too,
And take mens necks for timber? You curt a feather?
Cut butter when your tooles are hot! Looke here,
puppies;
Heer's the sword that curt of *Pompeis* head.

Har. The head of a Pumpion.¹

Utr. Looke on 't but come not neere it: the
very wind on't
Will borrow a leg or an arme. Heers touch & take,
boyes!
And this shall moaw the head of Mounsieur *Barnavekt*.
Man is but grasse and hay: I have him here
And here I have him. I would undertake with this
Sword
To curt the devills head of, hornes and all,
And give it to a Burger for his breakfast.

Ley. We know you have byn the headman of
the parish
A great while, *Utrecht*, and ministerd much Justice,

of hides was ten hides, a *dicker* of iron ten bars. See
"Fragment. Antiq.," p. 192. Probably from *decas*, Lat." —
Nares.

¹ Sc. pumpkin (Fr.).

Nickt many a worthie gamester; and that you, *Harlem*,
Have shortend many a hanging cause, to your
Comendation:

Yet, for all this, who shall trym Monsieur *Barnavel*
Must run by fortune. You are proper men both;
But why before me that have studded the true
trick on 't

Theis twenty yeeres, and run through all the theorems?

Har. Let's fling for 't then.

Ley. I am content.

Utr. And I.

Har. Sit round, then: here are dyce, and ile
begin to ye.

Have at your head, Sir *John*! dewce ace ¹; a doggs-²
head!

The devill turnd this ace up. Farwell, velvet gowne!
Thou hast mist the luckiest hand to scratch thy
Coxcomb.

Ley. No, no, Sir.

Now for my part. Heigh! fight aloft for the head,
boyes.

How? Cater-trey ³?

Utr. Will you take a sleeve for your share, Sir?

Ley. 'Tis but a desperat cast, and so hee'l find it,
If it fall to me. Cast for your game.

Utr. Have at it:

Stay, let me swing my Sword thrice round first: now,
Now the Graves head goose giblitts.—
Two sixes, boyes! I knew I should performe it.

¹ "Dewse-ace. *Deux et az.*" Cotgrave. (Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. 2.) The lowest cast of the dice, two aces, was called "ames ace."

² Among the Romans the highest cast was called *Venus* and the lowest *canis*. (Cf. a well-known couplet of Propertius, lib. iv. el. viii. l. 45—

"Me quoque per talos Venerem quaerente secundos
Semper damnosi subsiluisse canes.")

³ Sc. quatre et trois.

Har. Ye have it: thanck your fortune.

Utr. I could not misse it,

I never lost so faire a stake yet. How ile doe it.
And in what posture: first, how ile take my leave
of him,

With a few teares to draw more money from him;
Then fold up his braunchd ¹ gowne, his hat, his doblet,
And like the devill cry 'mine owne! lye there, boyes!'
Then bind his eyes; last stir myself up bravely
And, in the midle of a whollsome praire,
Whip and — *hic iacet Barnave!* —

Come, let's sing our old Song,
And then come view me how I doe my busines.
Boy, come, sing you for me. [Song. *Excunt.*

SCÆNA 3.

Enter 2 Captaines ¹ & their Soldiers, severally.

1 Cap. Here stand we fast.

2 Cap. Cock all your Musketts, Soldiers, now,
And gentlemen be ready to bend your pikes;
The prisoner's coming out.

1 Cap. But doe you thinck
They meane to take his head of, or to fright him?

2 Cap. Heaven keep me from such frights. Why
are theis Guards

Comaunded to make good the Execution,
If they intend not death?

1 Cap. But dare they doe it?

2 Cap. What dare not Justice do that's right
and honest?

Is he not proov'd a guilty man? What bugs
Should publick safety be afraid to looke on?

¹ Embroidered, figured.

² The actors' names, "Mr. Rob." and "Mr. Rice," are
written in the right-hand margin.

Do you hold the United States so tame to feare him,—
Feare him a Traitor, too?

1 *Cap.* You know hee's much lov'd,
And every where they stir in his Compassion.

2 *Cap.* They'll stir so long till some of 'em will
sinck for't,
Some of the best I feare that glewd his faction;
Their building lyes discoverd and their bases broken.

1 *Cap.* There is much money laid, in every place, too,
Hundreds and thousands, that they dare not strike
him.

2 *Cap.* Give losers leave to play the fooles;
'tis lost all.
Secure yourself he dyes; nor is it wisdom
To go an ace lesse with him: he is monstrous.
—The people hurry now; stand fast, he is coming.

*Enter Provost, Soldiers & Executioners,
with a Coffin & a Gibbett.*

Pro. Make roome before! cleere all theis gaping
people
And stop their passage.

1 *Cap.* How now? What wonder's this?

Prov. Stay! or ile make ye stay: I charge ye
stir not.

2 *Cap.* What thinck you now? dare not theis
men do iustice?

This is the body of *Leidenberg*, that killd himself
To free his Cause: his shame has found him yet.

Prov. Up with him, come: sett all your hands
& heave him!

Exec. A plaguy, heavy Lubber! Sure this fellow
Has a bushell of plot in 's belly, he weighes so massy.
Heigh! now againe! he stineks like a hung poll cat.
This rotten treason has a vengeance savour;
This venison wants pepper and salt abhominably.

Prov. Pyn him aloft, and pin him sure.

Exec. I warrant ye;
 If ere he run away againe ile swing for him.
 This would make a rare signe for a Cookes shop,
 The Christmas pie. [*Ex. Executioners.*
Prov. Come; now about the rest. — Keepe the
 Court cleere still. [*Excunt Provost and Soldiers.*
2 Cap. What thinck you now?
1 Cap. Now I am afraid of him.
 This prologue should portend a fatall Tragedie:
 Theis examples will make 'em shake.
2 Cap. 'Tis well they have 'em;
 Their stubbornenes and pride requires 'em greater.
 The Prince strikes iust ith' nick and strikes home
 nobely:
 This new pretending faction had fird all els;
 They had floong a generall ruyn on the Cuntry.

Enter Boyes & Burgers.

[1] *Boy.* He comes, he comes, he comes! ô for
 a place now!
 [2] *Boy.* Let's climb the Battlements.
Cap. Away with theis rogues.
1 Burg. I saw the Guard goe for him: Where
 shall we be now?
2 Burg. He will make a notable Speech, I war-
 rant him.
3 Burg. Let's get us neere the Skaffold.
1 Cap. Keep of, Turnops:
 Ye come upon our Pikes els.
 [1] *Burg.* Pox o' theis Soldiers?
 We cannot see our frends hand in quiet for 'em.
 Come, come, to th' top oth' hall.
 [*Excunt Boys & Burgers.*]
2 Cap. Away, good pilchers! ¹
 Now blow your matches and stand fast: he comes here.
1 Cap. And now bend all your pikes.

¹ A term of contempt, like "poor John."

Enter Provost, Barnavek, Lords, Guard.
(A Scaffold put out) Executioner.

Prov. Cleere all the Skaffold;
 Let no more into th' Court; we are choakd with
 people.

Bar. You are curteous in your preparations,
 gentlemen.

[1] *Lord.* You must ascend, Sir.

Bar. Feareles I will, my lords,
 And, what you can inflict, as feareles suffer.
 Thus high you raise me, a most glorious kindnes
 For all my Cares! For my most faithfull service
 For you and for the State thus ye promote me!
 I thanck ye, Cuntrymen, most nobely thanck ye.
 —Pull of my Gowne. Of what place are ye, frend?

Exec. Of *Utrich*, Sir.

Bar. Of *Utrich*! Wherefore, prethee,
 Art thou appointed here?

Exec. To tell you true, Sir,
 I won this place at dyce: we were three appointed.

Bar. Am I becom a generall game? a Rest¹

¹ To set up one's rest, meant, as has been abundantly shown by Shakespearean commentators, to stand upon one's cards at *primero*; but the word "pull" in this connexion is not at all easy to explain. The general sense of the present passage is plain: "Is my life held in such paltry esteem that slaves are allowed to gamble for it as for a stake at cards?" We have nowhere a plain account of *primero*. When the "Compleat Gamester" was published (in 1674) the game had been discontinued. The variety of quotations given by Nares, under *Primero* and *Rest*, is simply distracting. There are two passages (apud Nares) of Fletcher's bearing on the present difficulty: —

"My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that

Will make me ever famous." *Woman's Prize*, I. 2.

"Faith, sir, my rest is up,

And what I now pull shall no more afflict me

Than if I play'd at span-counter." *Monsieur Thomas*, IV. 9.

For every Slave to pull at? Thanck ye still:
You are growne the noblest in your favours,
gentlemen.

—What's that hangs there? what Coffin?

Lord. How it stirrs him.

2 Lord. The body, Sir, of *Leidenberch*¹ the
Traitor.

Bar. The traitour?

[2] *Lord.* I, the Traitour, the fowle Traitour,
Who, though he killd himself to cleere his cause,
Justice has found him out and so proclaimd him.

Bar. Have mercy on his soule! I dare behold him.

[1] *Lord.* Beleeve me, he's much moved.

[2] *Lord.* He has much reason.

Bar. Are theis the holly praires ye prepare for me—
The comforts to a parting soule? Still I thanck ye,
Most hartely and lovingly I thanck ye.

Will not a single death give satisfaction,
O you most greedy men and most ungratefull, —
The quiet sleep of him you gape to swallow,
But you must trym up death in all his terrors
And add to soules departing frights and feavors?

Dyce accepts Nares' suggestion that *pull* means to *draw a card*; but if a player is standing on his cards, why should he want to draw a card? There is an old expression, to "pull down a side," *i. e.* to ruin one's partner (by bad play); and I am inclined to think that to "pull at a rest" in *primero* meant to try to pull down (beat, go beyond) the player who was standing on his cards. The first player might say, "My rest is up"; the other players might either discard or say, "See it"; then the first player would either "revie" it (cover with a larger sum) or throw up his cards. At length—for some limitation would have been agreed upon—the challenger would play his cards, and the opponents would "pull at his rest"—try to break down his hand. I am not at all sure that this is the proper explanation; but *pull* in the text cannot possibly mean *draw a card*.

¹ The body of Leydenberg was not exposed until two days after Barneveld's execution.

Hang up a hundred Coffins; I dare view 'em,
 And on their heads subscribe a hundred treasons
 It shakes not me, thus dare I smile upon 'em
 And strongly thus outlooke your fellest Justice.

[2] *Lord.* Will ye bethinck ye, Sir; of what ye
 come for.

Bar. I come to dye: bethinck you of your Justice
 And with what Sword ye strike, the edge of mallice.
 Bethinck ye of the travells I had for ye,
 The throaes and grones to bring faire peace amongst
 ye;

Bethinck ye of the dangers I have plundgd through
 And almost gripes of death, to make you glorious
 Thinck when the Cuntry, like a Wildernes,
 Brought nothing forth but desolation,
 Fire, Sword and Famine; when the earth sweatt
 under ye

Cold dewes of blood, and *Spanish* flames hoong ore ye,
 And every man stood markt the child of murder
 And women wanted wombes to feed theis cruelties;—
 Thinck then who stept in to you, gently tooke ye
 And bound your bleeding wounds up; from your faces
 Wipd of the sweatts of sorrow, fed and nurssd ye;
 Who brought the plowgh againe to crowne your
 plenty;

Your goodly meadowes who protected (Cuntrymen)
 From the armd Soldiers furious marches; who
 Unbard the Havens that the floating Merchant
 Might clap his lynnenn wings up to the windes
 And back the raging waves to bring you proffit.
 Thinck through whose care you are a Nation
 And have a name yet left, — a fruitfull Nation
 (Would I could say as thanckfull)—bethinck ye of
 theis things

And then turne back and blush, blush [for] my ruyne.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis strange how this [man b]rags; 'tis
 a strange impudence
 Not to be pittied in his [case], not sufferd.

You breed the peace, you bring the plowgh againe?
 You wipe the fire and blood of from this Cuntry,
 And you restore hir to hir former Beuty?
 Blush in thine age, bad man; thy grave blush for thee
 And scorne to hide that man that holds no Creadit.
 Beare witnes all the world that knowes our Trobles
 Or ever greiv'd our plagues what we have sufferd
 And, under Heaven, by wha armes we have cur'd
 theis,—

Councells and frends; in which I tell thee (*Barnaveli*),
 And through thy Impudence I here proclaime it,
 Thou hadst the least and last share. 'Tis not your
 face, Sir,

The greatnes of your friends, corruptly purchast,
 The Crying up of your manie Services,
 Which lookd into wither away like Mushrumps,
 Shall scandall us.

2 *Lord*. Your *Romaine* end, to make men
 Imagine your strong conscience fortifide,
 No, nor your ground Religion. Examine all men
 Branded with such fowle syns as you now dye for,
 And you shall find their first stepp still Religion.
Gowrie in Scotland, 'twas his maine pretention:
 Was not he honest, too? his Cuntries father?
 Those fyery Speritts next that hatchd in *England*
 That bloody Powder-Plot, and thought like meteors
 To have flashd their Cuntries peace out in a Moment:
 Were not their Barrells loden with Religion?
 Were not they pious, iust and zealous Subiects?
 Humble your soule for shame, and seeke not now, Sir,
 To tumble from that happines even Angells
 Were throwne from for their pride. Confes, and dye
 well.

[1] *Lord*. Will ye confes your faultes?

Bar. I come not heather
 To make myself guilty; yet one fault I must utter,
 And 'tis a great one.

[2] *Lord*. The greater mercy.

Bar. I dye for saving this unthanckfull Cuntry.

[1] *Lord.* Play not with heaven.

Bar. My Game's as sure as yours is,
And with more care and innocence I play it.
Take of my doblet; and I prethee, fellow,
Strike without feare.

Exec. I warrant ile fitt ye.

I pray forgive me, Sir.

Bar. Most hartely,
And heer's my hand. I love thee, too: thy physick
Will quickly purge me from the worldes abuses.
When I speak lowdest, strike.

Exec. I shall observe ye.

Bar. Farwell, my lords: to all your Counsailes
fortune,

Happie succes and proffit; peace to this Cuntry;
And to you all, that I have bredd like children,
Not a more faithfull faier but more fortunate.
Doe not I stay too long?

[2] *Lord.* Take your owne time, Sir.

Bar. I have a wiffe, my lords, and wretched
children,
Unles it please his Grace to looke upon 'em
And your good honours with your eies of favour.
'Twill be a litle happines in my death
That they partake not with their fathers ruyns.

[1] *Lord.* Let not that troble ye: they shall not
find it.

Bar. Comend my last breath to his Excellence;
Tell him the Sun he shot at is now setting,
Setting this night, that he may rise to morrow,
For ever setting. Now let him raigne alone
And with his rayes give life and light to all men.
May he protect with honour, fight with fortune,
And dye with generall love, an old and good Prince.
My last petition, good Cuntrymen, forget me:
Your memories wound deeper then your mallice,
And I forgive ye all. — A litle stay me. —

Honour and world I fling ye thus behind me,
 And thus a naked poore man kneele to heaven:
 Be gracious to me, heare me, strengthen me.
 I come, I come, ô gracious heaven! now, now,
 Now, I present——

Exec. Is it well don mine Heeres?

[1] *Lord.* Somewhat too much; you have strooke
 his fingers, too,

But we forgive your haste. Draw in the body;
 And Captaines, we discharge your Companies.

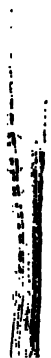
Vand. Make cleere the Court. — Vaine glory,
 thou art gon!

And thus must all build on Ambition.

[2] *Lord.* Farwell, great hart; full low thy
 strength now lyes:

He that would purge ambition this way dies.

[*Exeunt.*









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~~AUG 23 '55 H~~

JAN 1 '62 H

